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CANADIAN JOURNAL OF THE HUMANITIES

NORMAN WILLIAMS — Prospects for the Canadian Dramatist

JAMES REANEY — The Canadian Poet's Predicament

Letters in Canada: 1956

A critical survey of the year's work in poetry, fiction, social studies, criticism, biography, *belles lettres* in English, French and other languages by

NORTHROP FRYE • CLAUDE T. BISSELL
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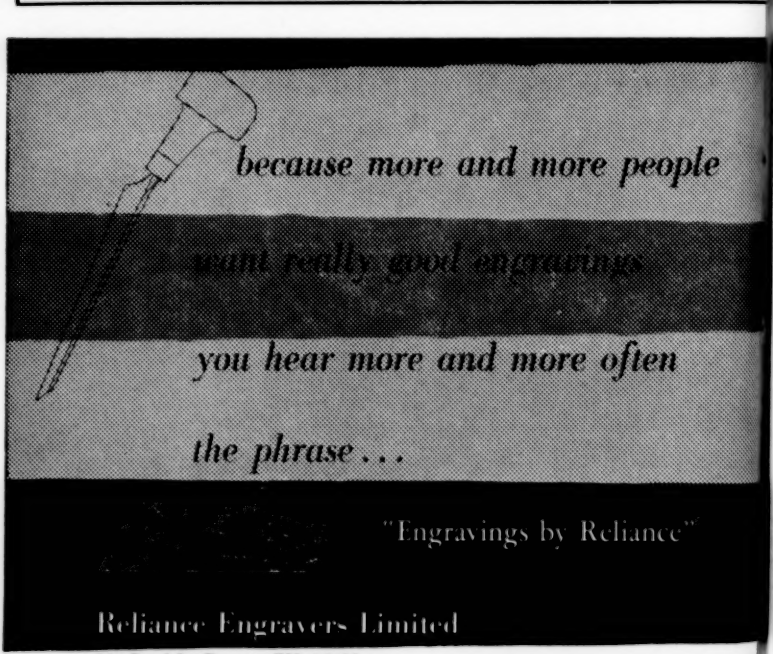
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LETTERS IN CANADA, 1956

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THE UNIVERSITY AND THE BUSINESS WORLD

The issue of the QUARTERLY for July 1957 will carry a special supplement devoted to the examination of the relations of the university and the business world. The contributors to this supplement will include: B. S. Keirstead, Professor of Political Economy, University of Toronto; V. W. Bladen, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Political Economy, University of Toronto; M. St. A. Woodside, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, University of Toronto; W. E. Phillips, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto; Sir Arnold Plant, Sir Ernest Cassel Professor of Commerce with special reference to Business Administration, in the University of London, and Chairman of the Colonial Social Science Research Council; Stanley F. Teele, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University.

Prospects for the Canadian Dramatist

Norman Williams

The Canadian dramatist is a Canadian first and a dramatist second. In this strange inversion lies both his handicap and his opportunity for it suggests, not that he is a violently patriotic writer, but that he is, thus far, the victim rather than the master of his own environment. To become master and to utilize whatever is unique and significant in the Canadian environment, he must understand more clearly the nature of its limitations and its potentialities. Nothing is more detrimental to the Canadian artist—whatever his medium—than an obsession with incipient nationalism or an association with the frantic, self-conscious search for a national identity. Once absorbed in these sterile pursuits he appears less like the artist building confidently upon elements of his environment which he understands, and more like a troubled patient recounting his vague worries to a new psychiatrist. Everything is wrong. Wherever he goes, strained voices demand a *Canadian* play. He wants to write a Canadian play. But where is a national theme? Why does it elude him? Perhaps *he* is not Canadian enough. Worst of all, he suspects that he is not really taken seriously. Certainly, last week's man of Freud failed him and had indeed the temerity to suggest there was nothing amiss in his nature except a wholesome desire to appear different from his aggressive American cousin and to hide his guilt at having quietly removed himself from mother Britain's protective sway. And so the story is told once more. The old inhibitions are again admitted. The old questions are asked for the thousandth time until the psychiatrist, in spite of himself, becomes interested anew in these earnest confessions, listens intently for overtones sounding above the words and begins to analyse.

One such inspector of the Canadian soul, Morley Callaghan, finds his patient "dull and lacking in pride and confidence,"[1] while Professor George W. Brown is forced to conclude that the solemn young man

shows "an extraordinary reluctance to grow up, a kind of incurable adolescence which drags on from one generation to another."[2] Do these sad evaluations suggest that Canadians are born malformed, with inarticulate tongues and crippled souls so that, like pitifully handicapped children, all their creative attempts are but fumbling efforts to imitate those born adult and whole? Such a fantastic conclusion can have no truth to it. We must seek, not malformations, but the elements existing in our temperament, our environment, and our history which have thus far hindered our full development as an artistically expressive people.

During our examination we must keep to the front of our minds the certainty that whatever we discover, encouraging or otherwise, applies not alone to potentially creative Canadians but to us all: to those who write, to those who criticize, to those who accept or reject, to those who praise or condemn. If, as Professor Brown reminds us, we are generally conceded to be "cold, cautious, conservative, and lacking in initiative and imagination,"[3] this judgment falls not only upon the artist but upon the audience for whom he writes.

A play is written to be performed and to be communicated in the most direct way to other people. It is written, too, out of the abundant heritage of values and techniques ranging from the stylized tragedy of the Greek theatre to our own Ibsenite era of personal and social self-examination. Surely it is not idle to suggest that unless audiences experience this tradition of theatre and are given the opportunity of seeing productions of the great plays of the present and the past, they will be less than receptively mature when experiencing a new play by a native writer. Certainly there is a primary need for better Canadian plays, but a need also urgently exists for an adult, informed, and experienced audience for whom those plays may be written. Canadian play-goers are as yet unable to perform the function of giving to a new play from their wide knowledge of theatre and of accepting or rejecting at this proper high level. How little we should expect from a music-lover's appraisal of Bruckner or Bartok if he had never had the opportunity to absorb the tradition of Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner. Yet an enforced ignorance of this nature, rather than a defect of personality, inhibits Canadians from intelligent reception of Canadian plays. When they are confronted with a native play, all their energy is absorbed in a desperate attempt to relate it to a tradition they feel they have some claim to understand—the Canadian tradition. Thus, they invent such enchantingly empty phrases as "Not bad for a Canadian play," or "Pretty good for a Canadian play," and comfortably avoid the point

which is that a knowledge of tragedy or comedy, farce or satire alone gives substance to the criticism of contemporary drama.

Another disturbing aspect of the anaemic state of Canadian theatre is the realization that potential playwrights without the good sense to be born in Montreal or Toronto or into families wealthy enough to provide them with regular excursions to New York, London, and Paris, are denied, in their formative and most impressionable years, the saturating experience of theatre necessary to propel them into the magical realm of inspiration where they may love theatre as youth loves, with an abandoned spirit and a tumultuous recklessness which can only be partially stimulated by the printed page. Only then, immersed, excited, giddy with vision, will they "give the rein to every impulse . . . pour out, tumble over, loose anger, love, satire . . ."[4] which is the natural preparation for the discipline that will follow to give coherent form to their wild thoughts and ardent passion.

We should be genuinely distressed to realize how many embryonic playwrights in towns all across our country are denied this first tumultuous introduction to theatre. Instead of stumbling starry-eyed with emotion from a performance of *Richard III*, *The Cherry Orchard*, or *Blood Wedding*, they walk drearily home from the movies or from the stultifying atmosphere of a dolorous church-basement comedy wondering whether the dream they dream has any relation to splendour at all. In a country almost barren of theatre at a level where it transports and dismays the wonder is, not that we produce few playwrights, but that we produce any at all.

There is little point in casting gloom so deep as this without asserting that a shaft of light has already pierced the darkness. The tours of the Canadian Players, even more than the Stratford Festival, may prove to be the authentic beginning of a Canadian theatre. Not only has this company—with a minimum of theatrical trappings—taken plays into centres with little or no experience of theatre, but it has boldly offered demanding plays, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Saint Joan*, and *Peer Gynt*. Enthusiastic and grateful response indicates that Canadians await such a development with eagerness and will respond readily to it. Their reaction has not been "cold, cautious, conservative," but warm, participating, and adventurous. Somewhere, in one of those hungry audiences, our future playwright may have been sitting; if he was, he was given a vision of theatre which will sustain him through long periods of starvation ahead until that day when such tours will be regular features of our theatrical scene instead of rare auguries of the future.

The Canadian Players did not accomplish their tours without financial difficulties and without patronage. In a country flung so indiscriminately between two distant oceans and with vast spaces between one electric light and the next, financial problems are merely facts of life for a theatre company. What we tend to forget, in our timidity, is that financial distress is not indigenous to Canadian theatre. In every land, theatre companies (including the hallowed Old Vic) are continually strained by too much expenditure and too little income. We must learn what Lilian Bayliss learned: first of all, to have faith; then to beg, to plead, to demand, to shame people into support of our theatre. Petition money from government, from beer profits, from chain stores, from the patronizing fool or the discriminating patron, but work for it with the force of a salvationist and the faith of a saint. Take it, not in shame and embarrassment, but in the conviction that the cause it supports deserves twice as much. The trouble with Canadians is that they would rather lose their souls than their shirts. More perverted than that, they would rather lose their souls than somebody else's shirt. Such delicate sentiments do not create a theatre.

A projection into the future in which an audience has been created and our ambitious young playwright may feast upon the world heritage of drama, brings us—not to a Utopian solution—but to even thornier problems. Well-fed with inspiration, now able to study the technique of drama as it unfolds alive before his eyes, the young man with the urge to write a play finds himself still oddly stultified and mortifyingly inhibited. He becomes Exhibit A of Professor Brown's Canadian "lacking in initiative and imagination." This sense of being adrift is most potent as he attempts to relate himself to a cultural tradition within the radius of which he may express his ideas and emotions. What does he find? He finds a culture cosmopolitan in the sense that it belongs to a wide-flung Commonwealth and parochial in the sense that it is divided into separate and uncongenial regions with little mutual identification, a culture indistinct in the sense of being strongly influenced by popular American mores on the one hand and the traditions and loyalties of Britain on the other, a culture individual only in the vague and stubborn desire to be different from its masterful parent and its even more masterful neighbour. He sees Canada stretching into dark loneliness, and the warm lights of prairie towns or Laurentian resorts plunge him, like Thomas Wolfe, even further into the deep isolation of his half-continent. If he lives in Halifax, he wonders what connection he has with a British Columbian; if he lives in Trois Rivières, he wonders how he is to identify himself with his political equivalent in Winnipeg. What

anchors him, a tiny personal entity adrift, to the life of his nation? What aspects of his national life hold meaning for him; what substance does he find in them, and how may he employ them for his own artistic purposes?

He seeks meaning, first, in his own environment. He interprets environment, however, to mean national identity. This drives him back to an appalling sense of emptiness, for no such identity, in fact, exists. His frustrated attempt to discover a Canadian subject and then a national outlook with which to illuminate it falters into inarticulateness. Or, if he makes the attempt to prop such a subject with crutches of dramatic strength, he is forced to watch its whimpering collapse the moment it stumbles onto the stage. A Canadian playwriting competition was swamped one year with entries on a subject then much discussed: Why Canadian intellectuals leave home for the United States. This may be a fair subject for a popular article but, in spite of Robertson Davies' play *Fortune, My Foe*, an unpromising one for drama.

If we apply this national self-conscious searching to a great playwright of another country, we perceive how wrong-headed it is. Imagine Ibsen sitting down to write *Ghosts* by stoutly asserting, "This is going to be a real *Norwegian* play," and then writing a drama about the European cultural influences which prompted Oswald Alving to leave home. *Ghosts* would no longer be a play concerned with the hypocrisy of society, a play about marriage, about sin and retribution, insanity and euthanasia, but a dominantly *Norwegian* play. The contention may legitimately arise that *Ghosts is* a Norwegian play, that its conflict and tragedy and social setting grew in Norwegian soil and were harvested by a son of that soil named Ibsen. But this is an incidental argument. The artist seeks, not what is national, but what is universal in the life around him. Ibsen chose the universal, not the Norwegian aspects of his subject. Ibsen looked at life, at men in relation to society, in relation to their consciences, in relation to God—not in their relation to Norway. Canadian writers must seek, not a view of Canada, but a view of life. Each writer must seek this broader viewpoint for himself. He must seek it as an artist, and only incidentally as a Canadian. He will then discover that whatever is unique in being born that particular North American entity, a Canadian, will emerge without strain or self-conscious effort to reveal its distinctive quality through the universality and the vitality with which he uses his raw material. To discover that raw material, he must put down his field glasses and turn to his microscope.

As he does so, he finds authentic subjects with universal themes in regional mores and social customs. In Quebec lumber camps, for

example, the test of manhood is the ability to survive the rigour of months of hard labour and the Spartan conditions of winter wilderness and rough camp life. A boy must prove himself or fall into tribal disgrace. The seed of drama lives in such a situation. Not only does it rise from the source material of the Canadian environment but it offers—not national—but universal problems: the emergence into manhood, the rigidity of custom, the hunger for acceptance, the failure or success of the individual to meet the challenge of society. Once he utilizes themes of this nature, our young dramatist will have the horse properly before the cart.

Significant beginnings have been made. In *Tit-Coq*, Gratien Gélinas examines the comic-tragic isolation of a Quebec-born bastard, while in the play *Zone*, Marcel Dubé chronicles the mores of a Montreal teenage gang. These two plays found acceptance in both French- and English-speaking Canada. In *Hunting Stuart* and in the shorter plays *Overlaid* and *At My Heart's Core*, Robertson Davies recreates time and place distinctly Canadian with a satirical wit reminiscent of the prose tradition of Leacock, Haliburton, and Peter McArthur. Lister Sinclair's drama of a Cape Breton family, *The Blood is Strong*, rings with regional authenticity and comic perception. Although the influence of American writers is strongly evident in her work, Patricia Joudry's play *Teach Me How to Cry* effectively utilizes her own adolescent experiences in Montreal.

Our youthful dramatist is unconvinced. Can he find no national themes? If Canada is not united in many other ways, it *is* a federal union and a political entity. Canadians from Atlantic to Pacific struggled through the heartbreak of the depression and the glories and disillusionments of two world wars. Why, then, did we not produce a dramatic equivalent to such American plays as *Waiting for Lefty* or *What Price Glory*? Why have we no dramatic expression of these national calamities which, in the United States, produced a whole mood of theatre and a whole new group of playwrights?

This question has no single answer, although the major factor, again, is the geographical and political sectionalism of the Canadian community. The depression of the thirties was national in the sense of affecting every Canadian, but regional in the variety of reaction it produced. Extremes of feeling expressed themselves in the secessionist movement in Quebec, in the development of the Saskatchewan CCF and the Alberta Social Credit parties, and in a deepening distrust of the West for the industrial East. Everywhere men sought solutions within

the framework of regional interests. In the United States the extremes of feeling were ideological. Distrust of basic economic tenets swept the country, and men united in a violent cry of despair and doubt. In Canada, despite the seeming failure of capitalism, little vehement questioning of the system as such emerged. Thus deprived of fundamental, ideological soul-searching, Canadians produced no left-wing theatre of protest to reflect the red-hot mood of disillusion which found voice in the American theatre of the period.

Social conflict, too, breeds most hotly in the feculent atmosphere of sprawling industrial cities like Chicago or Detroit where concentration of industry is on a scale relatively unknown in Canada. Waiting for Lefty is rather a futile pastime in the midst of our prairies, in well-mannered Toronto, in our largest but most regional of cities—Montreal —or in a Nova Scotia fishing village.

The casual approach of Canadians to ideological questions is strikingly observable in our attitude towards the major conflict of our day. In the United States we watch the rise of demagogues, such as Huey Long and latterly Senator McCarthy, whose exploitation of a public mood arouses a nation to fundamental questions about the meaning of public responsibilty and the balance of power and freedom in a democratic society. From the fierce concern of Americans for their freedom to associate unrestrictedly with one another and to live beyond the reach of suspicious tyranny is born an undoubtedly great allegorical drama, *The Crucible*, of Arthur Miller.

In Canada, true to Canadian tradition, demagogues rise on the regional level. Theirs is not a challenge to the entire country or a threat to its democratic processes, and so they remain minor figures. Reaction to them is, in like manner, on a minor scale. In spite of the furore which Premier Duplessis's policies raise in Ontario or the occasional article deploring fascist tendencies in the political philosophy of Alberta's Premier Manning, the country takes its demagogues calmly and allows Canada's lack of cohesion to deal with them.

Equally disconcerting for the potential dramatist is the lack of hysteria in our view of the Communist threat. Tim Buck, leader of the Communist party, is not a figure of national detestation, however much we despise his politics, but a figure of fun, almost of affection. We discover Igor Gouzenko, who exposed the Soviet spy ring in Ottawa, appearing in *Spring Thaw* in his grotesque mask of disguise, not as an adopted national hero, but as a caricature from melodrama at which we are expected to laugh. Canadians turn to ridicule rather than

hysterical denunciation when confronted with challenges to their institutions or their way of life.

Possibly this attitude is not too difficult to explain. However much we suspect the economic intrusion and the cultural invasion of the United States, we know that the major world power on our doorstep is militarily our ally. Canadians amuse themselves as a man threatened by a gang of thugs might amuse himself knowing that a police cruiser is parked around the corner.

More fundamental than this contingent security is the basic Canadian distrust of high emotion or slick sentiment. We quickly select for attention the ridiculous, the melodramatic, or the pompous in the drama of public life. If the "essential trick of satire is a dexterous stripping away of false fronts,"[5] Canadians are temperamentally well endowed to employ this slender but deadly rapier. *Spring Thaw* has already demonstrated, in revue form, with what point this weapon may be handled and with what delighted appreciation Canadians recognize in its thrusts their own critical and irreverent response to political life whether on the municipal, provincial, or federal level. The popularity of Rawhide—at his best a satirist—is due less to wit (in which he is often deficient) than to his appeal to the strong element of satire in the Canadian outlook. A Canadian political play is more likely to be a comedy rich in the foibles and pomposities of mankind than a serious drama of the conscription crisis, the Winnipeg strike, or some aspect of Dominion-provincial relations. If it so develops, Canadians will follow the Greek tradition in which Athenians wrote for Athens and comedy "was a riotous burlesque and criticism of current personalities and movements in political life."[6] Contemplating the Canadian talent for self-perception and the deflating barb, the future of drama based upon this view of our politics is far from gloomy.

Our incipient playwright is intractable. The adjective Canadian obsesses him. Voices anxiously anticipating or prematurely heralding the advent of the Great Canadian Play disturb him. A national play, he broods to himself, *must* be possible, a play to stir all Canadians to an awareness of their identity and their destiny, to stir them as Shakespeare stirred the English with *Henry V*.

As he seeks an epic theme in his own history, he experiences his sharpest disappointment yet. In Canada's history there is no revolution against tyranny, no convulsion of civil war, no heart-swelling conquests or religious campaigns to supply themes of national pride or grandeur. Our wars are either minor skirmishes or battles between British and

French forces. No Philip II imposes inquisition; no Gessler holds the colonists in an iron clasp; no Egmont symbolizes the martyrdom of a nation; no Washington rises to lead battles for national survival. Instead, our playwright is provided with the struggles of 1837–8. These strivings for a greater degree of self-government and for a more equable balance between the pioneer farming community and the privileged holders of property and power led neither to a war of independence nor to dramatic oppression by force. What evolves is the compromise of responsible government, which is Canada's unique contribution to the nineteenth-century empire. Such an evolution and compromise, only spasmodically enlivened by minor clashes, cannot be blown into epic proportions by the most skilled playwright.

The War of 1812, in which Canada experienced foreign invasion, was also on a small scale. Defence was largely the responsibility of British troops. Upper Canadians, far from indulging in a dramatic rush to the colours, assumed an attitude close to indifference, an attitude hardly surprising since so many of them were of recent American origin. Against this background of minor conflicts, the political evolution towards self-government was born and matured. In spite of the loud cries of radical journals the process continued with more ease than struggle and with more sanity than drama. Canada slipped into nationhood by the back door of co-operation and almost before demanding recognition was given long pants and a weekly allowance.

More discouraging to the dramatist than the lack of great central climaxes in Canadian history is the accompanying lack of legend or legendary figures. We have no symbol of national fatherhood such as Washington, no symbol of humanity such as Lincoln, no symbol of glorious conquest such as Henry V. Nowhere did events create men in whose leadership and personality Canadians could perceive the glory of struggle or the simple definition of ideals. Glory and ideals, in the dramatic sense, passed us by. The result is that we regard our historical figures as people much like ourselves, people who discuss problems, make deals, seek advantage, watch for opportunity and—in one or two happy instances—get drunk. We look at the Fathers of Confederation, at our prime ministers, at our radicals and our conservative die-hards with a neighbourly tolerance and an amused interest. As in politics, so in history, we take no flights of rhetorical fancy or symbolic identity. We remain detached, critical, and wary.

Nonetheless, Canada has produced men of stature and consequence. Until lately, however, their stories, their relationships, and their per-

sonalities have lain mouldering in our archives or buried in primary sources which are the quarry of the academic rather than the artist. A ray of light for the potential historical dramatist shines from the imaginative, scholarly biographies which are now beginning to appear. Donald Creighton's *The Young Politician* and *The Old Chieftain*, the two-volume biography of Sir John A. Macdonald; Fred C. Hamil's *Lake Erie Baron*, the biography of Colonel Thomas Talbot; William Kilbourn's *The Firebrand*, the life of William Lyon Mackenzie; Bruce Hutchison's *The Incredible Canadian*, a popular study of W. L. Mackenzie King, and the awaited biography of George Brown by J. M. S. Careless: here are and will be the rich, secondary sources which may inspire dramatic treatment of Canadian figures and events.

The form of the future use of Canadian history for dramatic purposes is uncertain. John Coulter's play *Riel* and Eric Cross's *The Patriots* relate history in the manner of high school texts rather than in the manner of high tragedy. The broad sword of high tragedy, however, may prove to be an inappropriate weapon with which to attack the events and personalities of the Canadian historical scene. The slim rapier of satire, in this area, too, may be the weapon which fits most naturally into the Canadian fighting grip. Instead of idealized personalities or the artificial expansion of minor conflicts into epic narrative, our future dramatist may discover themes to allow him the full range of satire so that, in his hand, "it attacks foolishness foolishly convinced that it makes sense . . . stuffed shirts, hypocrisies aping merit, puffed and blown-up insignificances . . . counterfeit passing for true."[7] Thus far, bound by the timid loyalties typical of a new culture, we have failed to exploit the comic possibilities of British pomposities fretting in the rugged terrain of the New World. Sir Francis Bond Head, a blustering Indian Colonel, thrust into a situation requiring tactful diplomacy; Colonel Thomas Talbot setting himself up as a feudal baron in a land which achieved responsible government within his lifetime; the English Tories of Montreal toadying to Lord Durham to protect their own little society against the unwashed French-Canadian; the Family Compact with its adopted manners of the English aristocracy—all give rise to the hope for Canadian historical plays of satirical perspective and deflating wit. Whether, or how soon, Canadians dare to develop the irreverence necessary to attack and subdue, puncture and deflate, we can only speculate. Our history is so short and so tangled in loyalties still operative, that we can only leave the question open and hopefully await the Canadian play which will answer it for us.

In the meantime, our dramatist need not starve for lack of historical

themes. As the heritage of world drama belongs to us, so does the heritage of world history. Political boundaries have no more significance in drama than in music. A play by a Canadian author on Catharine the Great, Simon Bolivar, or Oliver Cromwell will contain the inescapable imprint of his Canadianism and, in that sense, be a Canadian play as surely as Shaw's *Saint Joan* is English or Corneille's *Le Cid* is French. He should be warned that the critics will swoop upon him like hawks, screaming that he is disloyal and un-Canadian. They will neglect to mention the sturdy precedent of Shakespeare (which on any occasion that suits their purpose they fly to cite) of whose thirty-seven plays, twenty-five are set in lands, real or imaginary, beyond the bounds of England. Nor will the Canadian critic commend the playwright for studying his craft by so difficult an ascent as historical drama which cannot be defined within the literal and narrow limits of "A Canadian play." Faced with this destructive conservatism, the playwright must keep faith with himself and his vision. However much he is flayed he must persist in developing his own viewpoint and in freeing himself from false and self-conscious Canadianism which has led our infant drama down many a blind alley in the past.

Wherever he seeks his raw material, whether in the mores of his regional environment, in the politics or the past of his nation, or on the broad canvas of world history, the playwright's search will be only secondarily for setting, locale, or national characteristics. It will be, primarily, the search for a universal theme, a theme which transcends time and place and assumes for all men a compelling significance. Whether he writes comedy or tragedy, satire or social drama, what is meaningful in the Canadian experience, attitude, and temperament will then find its natural and unforced role. He will cease to write trifling comedies. He will cease to write patriotic exercises. He will begin to write drama.

NOTES

1 Morley Callaghan, *Chatelaine* (July, 1943).

2 George W. Brown, *Canada in the Making* (Toronto, 1953), p. 3.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 2.

4 Virginia Woolf, "Letter to a Young Poet," in *The Death of the Moth and Other Essays* (London, 1942), p. 143.

5 Edgar Johnson, *A Treasury of Satire* (New York, 1945), p. 8.

6 H. D. F. Kitto, *Oxford Companion to the Theatre*, under "Greece."

7 Johnson, *Treasury of Satire*, p. 8.

The Canadian Poet's Predicament

James Reaney

Sometimes this is called the plight; situation is too mild a word, but I have plight, situation and predicament in mind when I think of the poet or indeed any artist in Canada.[1]

I suppose that you can be more and also less self-conscious about this sort of thing. Part of the predicament I am about to describe is that no one seems to know, no one seems to be able to tell you, whether you should be self-conscious or unconscious about the craft of poetry, whether you should really tackle literary criticism as a help or intuitively arrive at the same goal. I will admit that when I was even younger than I am now I thought that literary critics were big bad wolves who ate you up, but I've changed my mind about them since. However, here, in this essay I'd like to try out self-consciousness about the whole problem of writing poetry in Canada just to see if it gets you anywhere at all.

Another thing I rather worry about is whether it's any use talking about the poet's predicament in national terms. It's sensible if you think living in a certain kind of nation has any shaping effect whatsoever upon that country's imagination. I happen to think that Canada is a very peculiar and different country; whether its national colour and shape have anything to do with the colour and shape of its poetry is a question that you might as well say yes to, again—just to see what happens.

The whole topic has three different aspects, aspects which depend on the vantage point you're taking. You can stand anywhere in Canada —in the country, the wilderness, or the city; you can stand in the British Museum Reading Room, you can stand in the Toronto Reference Library on College Street. If you look at our native poetic tradition in the British Museum, it all seems so pitiful; when you put pen to paper

in Canada, say attempt to write a poem in the Reference Library on College Street, the native tradition becomes ancestral, important, and haunting.

I would like to spend most of my time looking at this native tradition because it is so important: here is what the poet's own countrymen have done with words, what sort of thing is it; what sort of help can be expected from it?

Of course, first find your native poetic tradition: it has really just recently become available with two intelligent anthologies—A. J. M. Smith's and Louis Dudek's—and with Northrop Frye's article in *Gants du Ciel* on the narrative tradition in Canadian poetry.[2] When you read Canadian poetry in anthologies you find that although a good one brings you stuff you'd never have found out about, it also brings it to you in a distorting way. Mr. Smith's anthology begins with some very exciting Indian lyrics: "Were-bear, why are you not in hell?" "Here in the Hut of the New-born/Fresh from the beak of the Raven. . . ." I don't know how much Hermia Fraser has rearranged these, but the myths hinted at here really made me think as hardly anything else in the book did until I reached Isabella Valancy Crawford and the last half-dozen modern poets leading up to Margaret Avison. The idea expressed in the Indian lyrics that a raven is the spirit of creation seems so right for this country and the way it often looks. In an anthology founded on historical principles the Indian songs are first and primitive. Sir Charles G. D. Roberts' poems take up a commanding situation in the centre of the book and are called sophisticated. To my mind he barely gets beyond photography; the views of nature he presents are written by a nice melancholy pebble simply lying there on the beach looking at things. But it is to the Indian lyrics that you go if you want something that moulds the shapes of Nature into more sophisticated forms than themselves.

Since Mr. Smith's anthology is one of lyrics, or lyric sections, a young poet might easily be excused for thinking that that was the thing to do in Canada. If you cut Canadian poetry a different way, actually impossible so far as an anthology of ordinary length is concerned, but if you could anthologize with narrative poetry in mind, as Northrop Frye suggests in *Gants du Ciel*, you would almost think you weren't reading Canadian poetry at all. Crawford still comes off quite well but now she is seen to be part of a slowly improving tradition, not just an unexplained brilliance, which culminates in E. J. Pratt's work. Using the narrative road, by the time the reader reaches *Towards the Last*

Spike in Canadian poetry he's arrived at a grasp of Canada artistically equal to that of the Indian myths. Wilfrid Watson, when he talks about the British Columbia forest world being a green Leviathan that coughs Emily Carr up on the coasts of Eternity, does something to me that I've also found consistently present in Indian myths and the narrative poems of Crawford and Pratt. When I read Lampman's lyrics I feel as if I worked at the Post Office in Ottawa and on my week-end walks saw many mulleins; when I read Pratt I step into a more exciting world where there are dragons instead of mulleins. Actually both worlds are equally exciting; it's just that I feel that the kind of poetry represented by Crawford and Pratt's work could stand for more attention from poets here than it has received.

Right now I'd like to present you with a miniature gallery of Canadian poetry which is Exhibit A in the predicament case. With one exception I'm not going to say who wrote what because I'd like the reader to have some fun and also I should like him to read the quotations as forming a whole continuous poem:

A

> See now rude spring, his wished for visit pays,
> And teeming earth an hideous form displays . . .
> And next the frog strains forth his croaking throat,
> And loud proclaims each reptile is afloat.
> Each poisonous herb assumes its different hue.

This is Standish O'Grady in *The Emigrant* and I put it in for shock value; the Canadian spring is not this horrible, but neither is it as English pretty as some songsters make out. In short, it is a Thing which no one knows very much about yet.

B

> My Father is the Sun, the Earth my Mother . . .
> It is the wood pewee,
> That haunts the deepest forest. 'Tis the bird
> Yokewa gave to solitude for voice—
> The lonely heart within the lonely heart.

C

> For love has its own Sun—its own peculiar sky,
> All one great daffodil in which do lie
> The sun, the moon, the stars—all seen at once
> And never setting . . .

D, E

. . . the gossiping grass . . . the trees to their innermost
marrow . . .

F

And hears above the hoarse bough bending wind
The hillwolf howling the neighbouring height
And bittern booming in the pool below.

G

For the Grim Idiot at the Gate
Is deathless and eternal there.

H

A storm cloud was marching
Vast on the prairie,
Scored with livid ropes of hail,
Quick with nervous vines of lightning.

I

Then gorged upon the fibrous jelly
Until, finding that six tons lay
Like Vulcan's anvil in his belly . . .

I'll not join your ballet.

J, K

Summer's jasper century . . . You should bristle like
those cylindrical brushes they use to scrub out bottles . . .

L, M

The cracked walrus skin that stinks
Of the rank sweat of a mermaid's thighs . . .

The Indians are fighting drunk,
The Frenchmen keep the squaws . . .

N, O

. . . tansy from the fertile ground:
My sister, heralded by no moan, no sound . . .

I was, I *am* the Emperor Solomon . . .

P

A lung-born land, this,
scanned by the valvular heart,
the field glasses . . .

Q

The meaning of the moth, even the smashed moth,
the meaning of the moth—
Can't we stab that one angle *into* the curve of space . . .

This is something concrete to look at although it's still too large and in a minute I'll reduce it to an even smaller size. It's still an historically arranged slice; alas, I haven't the courage to let anyone but Time juggle with other people's poetry, but that helps us observe the changing fashions as the quotations dart along: neoclassical rhymed couplets at the beginning and, at the end, the tendency to be more involved rhythmically and intellectually, jumpy rhythms and witty images. This sampler—rather a grisly one for that tansy near the end grows from the grave of the speaker's parents and that is why, you see, he says that the tansy is "my sister"—this sampler represents the way the Canadian poet's most imaginative ancestors and contemporaries saw and see the world; it represents a distinctive vision but it cries out for more development, just as the poet's innermost self probably cries out for some sort of ancestral pattern to go by. However, stop just a moment to see who the Canadian poet is to whom we propose to give this ancestral singing robe.

The twenty or so flourishing poets in Canada at the present time—it is Louis Dudek who has counted them—are not the whole Canadian Poet by any means; they're far too advanced to be typical. But if you should throw a poetry contest with a prize big enough to attract five hundred poets (and such a one was thrown not so long ago) you might feel that putting them all together you'd arrive at the typical Canadian maker. When you have finished reading the five hundred poems what you find is that about three people have come close to getting the thing, I mean they know how to write poetry professionally. These three generally send in an epic, a small lyric and a dramatic monologue each just to make the judges' task easy. After these three you get two hundred metrical smoothies without a metaphor in their bones and then three hundred metrical hobblers; at the very end, some blithe old Boer War pensioner who sends in a slightly tampered with transcription of *God Save the Queen.* Flying nervously in and out of this mass are

three or four poems brilliant and eerie and spine-chilling because these are the poems of mad people or human beings on the verge of violent schizophrenia. The surrealism is too authentic; as a matter of fact, in the history of the particular poetry contest I am thinking of the first prize was once given to a poet in a mental hospital.

This analysis of the five hundred Canadian poets fills me with gloom because it represents the grass roots poet, poetry reader, and average sensitive citizen in this country and he is just not very literary at all. Thank God there is the basic urge here to write a poem because you can build on that, but in Canada we just don't turn out large quantities of people who go in for literary sophistication. Then too, with what chagrin you ponder the fact that about as many people in Canada discover how to write poetry with their souls upside down as find out the right side up way. Last year there was that little French girl—we read about her in *Life*—who was locked up in a room and told to write a poem on a set subject; she did and a very complicated rich thing it was. We just don't *tend* our children that way in Canada, we push them in the general direction of Marilyn Bell rather than Valéry; consequently, the contemporary professional poet in Canada sometimes has the feeling that not as many people are going to understand and enjoy his poetry as should. The audience is there all right, a goodly sized one, but its taste hasn't been sufficiently organized as yet. Even more vividly this same situation comes up in a sister art, though rather an hieratic and deadly one—I mean the art of chess. Whenever a great master comes to Canada he usually takes on thirty or forty players at once in each chess club that he visits. Usually too he beats everyone because there simply aren't enough good average players to slow him down; the master tramples over the twenty-eight unorganized players and has as much time as he needs to concentrate upon the few excellent players who might beat him given adequate support. In Yugoslavia, where everyone plays chess with devouring enthusiasm from childhood on, great visiting masters have been known to lose a simultaneous: simply too many good players facing them. You find in chess—I hate to suggest the analogy but I want something very unromantic—that there is much that can be learnt, all the various openings with their variations, the Sicilian Defence, the Queen's Gambit, the King's Indian and so on. The skilled reading and writing of poetry have their openings and Sicilian Defences too and the more people know them in Canada, the less nervous the native champions are going to be, the better they are going to play.

We have already looked at what I consider a very valuable King's Indian Defence by no means sufficiently popular. It is the native tradition I was talking about earlier and here it is again, this time in a more compressed form:

> Rude Spring
> My Father is the Sun, the Earth my Mother
> Love has its own Sun
> The Grim Idiot at the Gate
> Bittern Booming
> Vines of Lightning
> Fibrous Jelly
> Cylindrical Brushes
> Jasper
> The cracked walrus skin
> squaws
> tansy . . . my sister
> I am the Emperor Solomon
> a lung-born land
> The meaning of the moth
> Can't we stab that one angle into the curve
> of space . . .

Now I wonder what this looks like. It sounds like the results of a Ouija Board conversation with Tom O'Bedlam. I chose the original phrases not because they fell into any sort of pattern, only the pattern of liking them. Although I don't know quite what to do with it I like the mad monster above, for it represents to me what every poet in Canada can hang around his neck if he likes; it's at least one-third of the predicament. Ever since playing a game called Poetry Poker at John Sutherland's apartment where you lost two pennies into the jackpot if you didn't recognize the particular passage of Canadian poetry being read, I've felt that not enough people around here see the fun of working or playing with the native tradition.

The compressed cento above is a tradition made up of images. If you look at the native tradition as Northrop Frye does in *Gants du Ciel* you get the following sort of thing, not so different from the imagery tradition as you might think because both move from the things outside personality to a place somewhere inside personality. Therefore:

O'Grady's *The Emigrant*: the Atlantic voyage to Canada
Goldsmith's *The Rising Village*: what its title implies
Lampman's *At the Long Sault*: heroic defence of a new society
Mair's *Tecumseh*: Red Man crushed between two opposing white political approaches

Crawford's *Malcolm's Katie*: struggle with tough environment—tree falls on Malcolm

Heavysege's *Jephtha's Daughter*: God made this dreadful wilderness. What sort of God is he?

Pratt's *Brébeuf and His Brethren*: further religious difficulties—Aztecs vs. Christ

Marriott's *The Wind our Enemy*; Birney's *David*: fight with mean tricky Nature—dust bowl, mountains

Pratt's *Towards the Last Spike*: Precambrian shield and mountains—dinosaur-dragons—finally conquered.

All the caterpillar, C.P.R. shapes of these narratives add up to our history with more emphasis on landscape and religion, less on the parliamentary and economic than you usually get in Canadian histories: with more interpretation too than you can legitimately put into a modern history. In "La Tradition narrative dans la poésie canadienne-anglaise," Northrop Frye makes the extremely suggestive comment that our civilization in Canada naturally produced narrative poetry with a strong undertone of melancholy to it because it was, until recently, or perhaps still is, at the same stage as the Anglo-Saxon pioneer culture that produced *Beowulf* and *The Wanderer*. Beowulf was probably written in a half-empty land where wilderness was interrupted by settlers' clearings and Roman ghost towns. The Canadian Grendel or troll-wife, whose recognition and conquest automatically make a story, is that cheery background in the Krieghoff paintings—the wastes of snow, the hemlock with the acquisitive curl to its gnarled old root—seen, of course, not so cheerily by the more serious Canadian painters—Emily Carr and Lawren Harris. Narrative poems about the Canadian Grendel are likely, Northrop Frye's article further implies here, to be what best fits the Canadian poet as a genre; that remark certainly provides one key to the problem of what the poet does with the native tradition.

I think also that any sensible person would say that what you do with a tradition, after picking out the part of it that seems to go well with you, is follow it. That is, do it over again. I don't mean turning out facsimiles but related works: let me give a sardonic instance first. When *Brébeuf and His Brethren* first came out, a friend of mine said that the thing to do now was to write the same story from the Iroquois point of view. Before I pass from the problems of the native tradition to those I have labelled British Museum Library ones, I would like to show the reader two serious examples of Canadian poems that cry out for rebirth.

Mair's *Tecumseh* is, I think, such a work. It would be a worthwhile

undertaking just to see if you could make it into a producible play, but it probably needs complete rewriting in order to increase its effectiveness enough. For example, I was surprised that Mair had left out one of the folklore elements in the original story—the flaying of Tecumseh by the American soldiery and the making of his skin into horsewhips. Actually, according to the most accurate accounts, every dead Indian at Moraviantown except Tecumseh was flayed, but that's the sort of thing a Christopher Marlowe teaches you to overlook in the interest of getting a really satisfying climax to a tragedy. Also, take these lines from Crawford's *Malcolm's Katie*:

> The ceaseless sweep of the tremendous wings
> Still beat them down and swept their dust abroad. . . .
>
> Once more a young dawn stole into her eyes,
> Again her broad wings stirred. . . .

Here Crawford's rich prospect of Time's dying and renewing cycle—it is developed far more intricately than I have been able to indicate—strikes one as being a beautiful core for something, for at least a poem that didn't have quite such folksy impediments in it as Malcolm and Katie. The passage reminds me of some of the things in Blake, not always the first poet one thinks of when reading Canadian poetry. As a matter of fact Crawford is the only Canadian poet with the exception of Pratt who leaves you with the sensation of "huge and mighty forms, that do not live,/Like living men." In her *Old Spookses' Pass*, there is the herd of cattle moving about at night in a great dark pupil-like circle, a description that remains with you in a rather shuddery way for some time. The native tradition, then, is something that repays inquiry, repays it as I've tried to indicate not only with the acquisition of interesting heirlooms but with imaginative life that can still beget more imaginative life, with some passages even that can change your life.

Canada is a country to stay in, and not to stay in. When you start to write a poem in Canada and think of the British Museum Reading Room you almost go mad because the great tradition of English literature, the glare of its brilliant modern representatives seems so oppressively and crushingly great. How can I hope to be worthy of the language I write in; I'd better not stay in Canada any longer; I've got to go over and join the more powerful angels on the other side of the Atlantic. There's no doubt at all that if a Canadian poet wants to be terrific he has to assimilate what Yeats, Rilke, Eliot and all have done, or else. Whether you have to expatriate or not in order to do this is part of the

poet's predicament here; we have as few ruins and ancient cathedrals as Idaho or New York and dozens of Americans—James, Pound, and Eliot—show you the way. At the present time it looks, though, as if it might be more fun to stay in Canada, and if the poet stays he has still another choice to make. That is, he can get his training either in a university or in Bohemia. The first seems to me to be preferable. Bohemian mentors tend to concentrate on the latest—all fresh, all piping hot—Dylan Thomas, Kenneth Patchen, Canto LXXX! What a shock then to learn that Dylan Thomas' favourite poem was *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*. I don't think that the poet necessarily has to go to university; if he can realize outside of it, as he will in it, that Spensers, Miltons, Blakes and Chaucers show you how to imitate Dylan Thomas (imitate Homer, not his works) not just write pastiches of his poetry—then all right. If you just hole up in Canada and refuse to educate yourself you are going to be provincial. But if you flee the country, cut yourself off from your roots, you may end up not even being that. The solution seems to be that the Canadian poet has to stay in the country and at the same time act as if he weren't in it. It looks as if I'm saying that the Canadian poet has to be some sort of poltergeist. He probably has to be.

What is this country that the poet has both to stay in and to stay out of? We've reached the "dark subhuman swamp" that Margaret Avison speaks of in one of her poems, we've reached Canadian civilization and the general envelope of anything and everything Canadian that surrounds a poet here.

We have Indians: I've already glanced at their poetry, but the other things they've accomplished—the rituals, the sculpture, the design, just themselves—have always looked suggestive of development to me. The totem poles and the mounds seem so effortlessly to come out of the look of the country; but our culture, as yet, doesn't. When you compare Michelangelo's gigantic statues of Day and Night, Twilight and Dawn, when you compare them with the tense coloured oblongs by which in their ritual sand painting the Indians describe the same eternal truths, the difference between the genius of this continent and the genius of Europe becomes evident with a flash. And that difference contains the answer to the riddle of being an artist in this country. By the way, you can make literature out of art objects: critics have remarked on the relationship between *Finnegans Wake* and the *Book of Kells*, the labyrinthine verbal organization of the one and the eye-dizzying interlacing lines of the other. The Indian material, of course, is almost an embar-

rassing part of the poet's situation here because there it is, but just how to work with it still seems something of a mystery. It is something to try.

We also have Christians. Perhaps one assumes that Christianity just came over and that's that, but you get a new version of Christianity in North America that can provide a very useful angle of vision for the artist here. The Irish Church was different from the Roman Church and Joyce made that fact one of the pillars of *Finnegan*: the North American Church, it seems to me, produces a typical development in the new sects of the Protestant Left that grow up here: Holy Rollers, Mormons, Latter Day Saints, Jehovah's Witnesses, Interdenominational Sunday Schools—that sort of thing. I can hear someone groaning, "He wants us to read the *Book of Mormon*!" Well, I don't know if I do or not, but the part about the golden spectacles and the golden book that an angel leaves under some tree in Ohio or wherever sounds very fine to me. Perhaps what I mean is that you can read the Bible with North American eyes; the religious sects I've mentioned show that very, very simple and often wrongheaded people are already doing that. Perhaps it's time that some sophisticated and rightheaded people tried it too.

We have history, both large and small. Both heroic and infuriatingly tame. You get heroic things like Moraviantown or Dieppe side by side with all that beaver fur filling the first chapters of most Canadian histories and the neutral shadow of Mackenzie King. How and why Mackenzie King could have such a wild and fiery ancestor, the William Mackenzie who said, "Victoria, on her bloody divan," is a bitter paradox that forms a poem just as it stands. The small history—the archives of small town newspapers—the small history of Canada is usually alive with weird cubistic effects like the list of crimes to be handled at the Assizes side by side with a huge ad for the latest bale of lady's crinolines direct from Paris.

We have Canadian artists and their achievements in fields other than poetry. In painting the shapes and designs in Emily Carr, the crystal clear outlines in the paintings of Hughes and Colville suggest similar egg tempera and distortion effects in poetry. Some of the designs Frederick Grove made out of life in Canada give, or should give a poet an electric shock: the old man in *Our Daily Bread* who wanders around in circles among his sons and daughters until at length he walks two hundred miles across the open prairie to his original farm and dies; all those women with the same name in *The Master of the Mill*.

We have the country itself: I never fail to find books on the physio-

graphy of the country exciting, particularly ones about my native province. The moment you start thinking about the history of the land's shape you start to think of a poem:

> The build of the region is due to the bedrock. This in turn governed the movement of the glaciers; that is, they advanced through the lowlands or flowed around the uplands.[3]

The Canadian poet must somehow or other deal with this too, and I don't think that I can now take the predicament any farther.

NOTES

1 This article concerns itself with English Canadian poetry. When you read in French Canadian poetry that the skunk is "the censer of the cathedral woods" and that the angels when transporting the Garden of Eden through the air dropped it in the St. Lawrence River where it broke up into the Thousand Islands, you realize that to talk about the two kinds of poetry in this kind of article simply presents too many problems. However, some of the problems discussed here must be the problems of the French Canadian poet too so I have let the title stand as it is.

2 "La Tradition narrative dans la póesie canadienne-anglaise," *Gants du Ciel*, XI, 18.

3 L. J. Chapman and D. F. Putnam, *The Physiography of Southern Ontario* (Toronto, 1951).

Letters in Canada | *1956*

EDITED BY DOUGLAS GRANT

Dramatists and novelists and poets—especially poets—are occasionally heard to resent the prominence given to critics at their expense—or so, at least, they are inclined to claim. "Letters in Canada" is critical and as such has played a part in the development of the country's literary tradition, but in order to redress the balance between the critics and the other writers—as a gesture of goodwill, if you like, from the first to the second—two of the most accomplished of the younger writers, a dramatist and a poet, were asked to contribute to this issue of the QUARTERLY their views on the position they find themselves in today as they try as Canadians to practise their crafts. Mr. Norman Williams's and Mr. James Reaney's articles precede "Letters in Canada" and the reader may judge for himself whether or not a happy balance has been struck.

The time spent by the contributors to "Letters in Canada" is time spared with difficulty from many other duties and I should like to thank them all for the most generous and considerate support they have given me. The publishers of Canadian books, too, have generously cooperated again and I am indebted to them, and to Miss Jean Houston, Assistant Editor of the University Press, who assembled and distributed the books.

POETRY

Northrop Frye

Poetry cannot be written by an act of will, and society cannot produce poets by an act of will. There is a strong desire in Canada to have fine poetry written in the country, but the will of society, as expressed in education, can be directed only towards building up a cultivated public for poetry, a public which would be able to recognize fine poetry if it saw it. Otherwise generous words about welcoming new poets will be accompanied by complaints that all the poets who have appeared so far are too "modern," and do not sound like poetry as the reader remembers

it to have been when he stopped listening to it in Grade Six. Young people should certainly be encouraged to write, for everyone can learn to write poetry up to a point—the point of discovering how difficult it is to write it unusually well. To get to that point is no mean achievement, as it is well past the substandard level of naïve or doggerel verse which is the usual mode of amateur expression. But the purpose of such encouragement is to breed a love of poetry, not to breed poets.

First Flowering (Kingswood House, xiv, 210 pp., $3.00), edited by Anthony Frisch, is a collection of poetry and prose in both languages written by young people (twelve to nineteen) in high schools all across Canada. Mr. Frisch has received warm praise, which he assuredly deserves, for the skill and energy with which he has carried out his task. The importance of what he has done is very considerable, though we should realize that that importance is educational and not literary in reference. The book is not an anthology of the Canadian writers of tomorrow: it is evidence of intelligence and cultivated taste among Canadian teen-agers. I imagine that a comparable cross-section of any other age level in Canada would produce much the same *literary* result, though of course with less freshness and charm. I understand that Mr. Frisch is now busy with a similar anthology taken from an older professional group, which will do much to confirm or refute me on this point. Of the poems in *First Flowering*, we recognize all the familiar conventions of that sort of poetry which may be described as the poetic conversation of cultivated people. There is the nostalgic poem, the realistic poem, the didactic poem, the parody or comic poem, the poem of observed or remembered beauty, and so on. Here and there something less predictable emerges, as in Charles R. Eisener's delightful "The Planets." But there is no reason to suppose that any of the contributors are about to start out on the lonely, uphill, flinty road of the professional poet. If there were any such, the book, for them, would be better entitled First Deflowering.

Much the same reflections are generated by *New Voices*, subtitled "Canadian University Writing of 1956" (Dent, viii, 184 pp., $3.00), and selected by a committee of five. Here we meet for the most part the same conventions that we found in *First Flowering*, although they are handled with greater sophistication. The poems by Heather Spears and David Blostein's vision of "the Last Supper in King Edward Park" are perhaps the best in this category, except C. M. Chadwick's careful study of children watching a wounded sea-gull, where we have poetry which is as good as poetry can be before it crosses the boundary between cultivated poetic speech and specialized poetic expression. Two other contributors, Jay Macpherson and Darryl Hine, have already crossed it.

A much more deeply committed set of poets is to be found in *Poets 56* (Toronto, Contact Press, unnumbered, $1.00), a mimeographed collection of the work of ten young writers (under thirty), most of them likely to devote a good deal of their future time and energy to writing. They are practising the particular conventions of contemporary poetry that they feel most at home with. Thus Avi Boxer works in the convention of abrupt or violent images set against an urban theme. He sees the traffic lights "hemorrhaging over the rain-wet asphalt" and comes home to a "gangrened banister"; places a stallion against a "tree-javelined sky" and "winds like fire-frightened pythons"; ridicules a pious friend who "takes the church to bed like an enormous nursing bottle," and appropriates jokes out of *Finnegans Wake* and parodies out of *Ulysses*. No poem is completely successful; none is without interest. Marya Fiamengo practises the convention of the decorative poem. There are reminiscences of a Yugoslavian background, with Moslem and Byzantine references; a poem on fabulous birds, a poem on queens and dwarfs, and the background is brilliant with lapis lazuli and peacocks with "feathered candelabra." William Fournier has a lively satire on Montreal financiers which uses a polysyllabic jargon appropriate to its theme. John Reeves and Peter Scott write with intelligence and fluency, though what they write I find less interesting; George Whipple is experimental, and shows an affinity with Cummings which goes farther than the typographical appearance of his poems. As with Cummings, the process of writing the poem becomes a part of the poem itself:

> aphonic, quote
> alliterative quiet. . . .

The last one, on a jazz saxophonist, is easiest to read without getting distracted by the cleverness of the devices. D. G. Jones contributes eleven carefully worked out lyrics: the rhythm and melody of "At Twilight in the Park" is well sustained, and so is the conclusion of "Birches at R.M.C.":

> They are an abstract of organic growth,
> The curve of an affair with wind and snow,
> The curve of a resistance to transparent time,
> Of earth's most candid passion for the sun.

Mortimer Schiff's meditative "Bird Nest with Young" also maintains a high level of intensity, and "Delia," though more uneven, is still full of interest.

Darryl Hine's "Four Fabulary Satires" are free fantasies on well-known fables, as original in theme and treatment as anything that has

appeared this year. His idiom is, in his own phrase, "as cerebral as Hades," and sometimes the reader simply has to pick up what he can of the meaning while a current of rhythm and sound flows by him. But his writing, however dense, carries its own authority. The second satire, based on the Twa Corbies, and like it an allegory of squalid vision, is the one that seems to me the best integrated; it concludes:

> O monuments of man's incomprehension!
> O permanent cadences of tales of August!
> The muse has carried off your blind bald knight
> to dive for refuse in her sluggish river;
> and the falcon rises in perpendicular flight
> like clever indications of a fever.

Jay Macpherson, the only completely articulate poet of the group, contributes some deceptively simple light verse: there is a lilting seventeenth-century-like melody in praise of a blue silk dress, a macabre epitaph on "The Gardeners" spoken by a complacently fertile corpse, and another epitaph on a dog:

> Lap-head led a dog's life: came when called,
> And often when not: would beg for smiles;
> At unkind treatment shrank appalled;
> Buried approval against colder whiles.
>
> But times are altered:
> None is left to scold,
> Nor comfort Lap-head
> Where he lies cold.

The sense of a fully realized maturity comes, not from the stricter character of her metres and rhymes, but from the skill and variety with which those metres and rhymes are handled. She is rather better represented in *New Voices* and in the first issue of *Tamarack Review*, and the three groups together make up perhaps as impressive a body of verse as was produced by anyone in Canada during 1956.

II

The usual place to look for the kind of poetry that we have described as the poetic conversation of cultivated people is in the Ryerson Chapbooks, of which there are five this year. One seldom finds any substandard writing in them, and they usually present an accomplished and fluent handling of late romantic idioms deriving from the generation of Bliss Carman. In these conventions there are two main themes. One is the theme of the beauty of nature, producing descriptive poetry in which

the poet is a kind of scarab of beauty, rolling all his strength and sweetness up into a ball; the other is a more sombre and moralizing theme of the transience of life, a theme handled less frequently but usually with more conviction. Nostalgia provides the motor energy of such poetry, and nostalgia expresses itself more clearly when it is alone with its own frustration than when it thinks it has found an objective correlative.

In Ruby Nichols' *Symphony* (12 pp., $1.00) both themes are combined in the somewhat over-ambitious title poem, but the second theme gives a deeper eloquence to a sonnet on "Solitude," and "Symphony" is also at its best in the same minor key:

> Knows only that it lives and hopes forever;
> Bows to the dust, and rises to the sun;
> Is Judas and the Christ, the thief and the giver,
> Defeated and triumphant, many and one.

In Freda Newton Bunner's *Orphan and Other Poems* (8 pp., $1.00) there is fluent moralizing verse with some touches of humour, and in Marion Kathleen Henry's *Centaurs of the Wind* (12 pp., $1.00), along with some expendable "scented loveliness," there is again a more successful sombreness in "As Brown Birds." Lenore Pratt's *Birch Light* (iv, 15 pp., $1.00) is again mainly about natural beauty recollected in tranquillity, but is stiffened with a good deal of detailed knowledge about nature, and again the water-colour landscapes are most interesting when a modulation of mood brings up a darker tone than the prevailing placidity:

> We followed her
> Until our straining eyes could tell no longer
> The birch bark sails from a drift of foam.
> All the great ships in the world have vanished so
> To some last watcher.

Fred Cogswell's *The Haloed Tree* (16 pp., $1.00) shows much the most interesting mind of the five, besides having the advantage of being written mainly in the more astringent, or dry Martini, tone. The opening poem, "Death Watch," has a precision appropriate to its subject, but not matched in any of the other chapbooks:

> No thought or act of mine can twist
> The fate that ticks upon my wrist;
> Its sixty seconds deeper prod
> My body's stake towards the sod,
> And every pause becomes to me
> An ominous eternity.

The other poems do not quite meet this level, but contain a good deal of sharply etched epigrammatic writing. The shortest poems are usually the best, as a metaphysical conceit requires a shift of gear after a very few lines to avoid labouring. But "Two Fears" makes its point very neatly, and the assonance in the first stanza of "The seed I sowed" is delicate and skilful.

Hi, Sister, Hi, Brother! (New Frontiers, 36 pp., $1.00), by Joe Wallace, a Communist poet, looks at first like naïve verse, but a second glance indicates that a skilful and astute versifier is only pretending to write naïve verse. There is a poem on Dr. Bethune, epigrams, ballads, and a rather striking poem on Burns, all of it fluent, some sharp and penetrating. Connoisseurs of irony will be interested to learn that the following poem called "Hungary" appeared in Canada in 1956:

> No more behind forbidden walls
> A secret blossom blows
> Its sacred incense hidden from
> The proletarian nose.
> All walls are down, or open wide,
> And everything that grows
> Is there to seek and there to share
> And those who love her well may wear
> All Hungary as a rose.

The Serpent Ink (Contact Press, 35 pp., $1.00), by Henry Moscovitch, clearly a "first flowering," is a little tentative in grammar and no definite rhythmical patterns have yet established themselves, but all the poems in the book have a reason for existing: even when one feels that the poet has missed the point there has always been a point to miss. The images have a latent humour in them as well as intelligence, but the poet is too sincere to allow them to become wisecracks, and "Caught Fish" and "The Flight of the Crow" sustain a mood of genuine pathos as well as wit. From the "Introduction," which catches the trochaic rhythm of the Introduction to Blake's *Songs of Innocence* and applies it to the world of experience, to the last poem, with its dog racing "to bite a bleeding Sun at the end of our journey," one feels that all the structural materials of poetry are continuously present.

Gael Turnbull's *Bjarni* (Origin Press, unnumbered, $1.00), consists chiefly of adaptations of themes from the Icelandic Sagas, in unusual free-verse forms. It comes under the general heading of literary exercise, but in some poems at the end there are vivid phrases which have more in them than the shock of retrospection:

The patience of the bricklayer
is assumed in the dream of the architect.

Again, Beatrice Sforza in Piero's picture appears

as obvious and secret
as a peak on the horizon.

Contact Press is beginning a publishing venture well worth public support (not that their other ventures are not also worth it; the address is 28 Mayfield Avenue, Toronto): a mimeographed series of selections from French-Canadian poets, with the original poem on one page and a poetic translation opposite. There are two volumes so far, one of Gilles Henault and the other of St.-Denys Garneau, and the translations are by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull. The translations are extremely close to the originals in rhythm as well as in meaning. The same press has also mimeographed a selection of early poems by W. W. Eustace Ross, partly in an effort to establish a tradition for the type of current poetry it is mainly concerned with. *Experiment 1923–29* (23 pp.) brings to our attention "the first important modern Canadian poet writing in English." Whether the fact that he was influenced by Marianne Moore rather than by "Eliot, Yeats and others" really makes him less colonial than the contributors to *New Provinces*, as the editor suggests, at any rate most of the poems are straight romantic lyrics, and very pleasant ones. "Spring Song" has a typographical break which gives it the effect of a two-part song, and in "Lions" a dissociation of language gives the poem a transparent and childlike quality, as often in Gertrude Stein.

Three Windows West, by Dick Diespecker (J. M. Dent & Sons, xvi, 160 pp., $3.50) is a strange mixture. Some of it is verse journalism of a type crisply described by W. H. Auden, in one of the better passages of "Under Which Lyre," as designed "For recitation by the yard In filibusters." A poem called "Prayer for Victory" was, the preface tells us, read to a million people in New York by Raymond Massey; it sold 35,000 copies on Canadian newstands and 200,000 more copies were distributed by a bank during a Victory Loan drive; it has reached an estimated total of over half a billion people:

Then, Dear God,
Make us worthy of Victory.
Give us the strength
To keep our pledges
To make a better world. . .

So that never again
Will there be a Hitler or a Mussolini,
A Himmler or a Goebbels;
Never again a blitzkrieg;
Never again the bitter treachery
Of Pearl Harbour. . . .

It is easier to turn on the mechanism of a conditioned reflex than to shut it off, and Mr. Diespecker has not escaped the fate of the sorcerer's apprentice. The sense of his formidable captive audience has given him a fatal fluency, which he employs in alternately addressing Dear God and summoning memories of the ol' swimmin' hole type:

Betcha Mom's in the kitchen right this minute
Making punkin pie.

If this were all his book contained, there would be no occasion for mentioning it in this survey. But here and there one finds, if not always genuine poetry, at least a genuine effort to write it, and a poem called "Return to Labour," which would be good anywhere, is, in this context, shockingly good. The opening poem, with a South African setting, is also, in spite of a persistent misspelling of "its" and a somewhat discouraging first line ("A bok-ma-kerri scolds the lagging stars"), both honest and attractive. It is a disturbing thought that the writing of such stuff as "Prayer for Victory" and its congeners may have required the self-destruction of an authentic poet.

The Poetry of E. J. Pratt, by John Sutherland (Ryerson, x, 109 pp., $3.75) is one of the few pieces of sustained Canadian criticism that I have read slowly, marking passages with a pencil. Pratt is a genuinely popular poet, and hence a difficult subject for criticism: most of his readers read him for other values, and for many of the remainder, a poet with all those editions, honorary degrees, and medals (one could almost call him a gong-tormented poet) is too obfuscated by another kind of recognition. Mr. Sutherland's book is of importance, not only because it takes Pratt seriously, but because it takes poetry seriously, and accepts Pratt as a genuine and valid kind of poetic experience. It is important also as the only major work of a critic whose premature death has deprived the country of one of its most selfless and dedicated literary citizens.

Much of what he says about the relation of man to nature in Pratt, the ambivalence of Pratt's moral attitudes, and the point of identity

between the slayer and the slain in his heroic narratives, is both new and sound. The symbolic expansion of Pratt's characters into Christian archetypes may not please every Pratt reader: granted the premises of this type of criticism, he does not falsify Pratt's meaning, but he does give the impression of straining his text. The reason for this may be that he seems to assume that Pratt is a poet who, through his background and also through some inner bent in poetry itself, absorbed a great deal of Christian symbolism more unconsciously than deliberately. I imagine that Christianity means something quite as positive to the poet as it does to his critic, and something rather more mature and complex. I feel that Mr. Sutherland misinterprets *The Truant*, which is the central poem in the Pratt canon as far as belief is concerned: the "great Panjandrum" in that poem is not God, and the attitude of the man to him is not "secular," otherwise he could hardly swear allegiance to the "rood" in the last line. But with these minor reservations the book is a fine and eloquent study, as worthy of its author as it is of its subject.

III

The editor of *The Selected Poems*, by Raymond Souster (Contact Press, 135 pp., $2.00) is Louis Dudek, and he has done a good job, perhaps intended, as the rather odd title suggests, to be definitive. Mr. Souster is revealed as a most prolific poet: ten collections of his work are in existence, of which I have seen only six, and the selections from the four I have not seen have given me a quite new idea of him. Mr. Souster is a genuine poet whose qualities are subtlety and humour, but he often spoils his subtlety with repetition and his humour with moralizing. Mr. Dudek's introduction approves of the moralist, but his critical taste does not, and his selection disentangles Mr. Souster's genuine poems from the straggly excelsior packed around them in the original collections. Subtlety and humour are also the qualities needed for epigram, and epigram is the genre to which the poet has, wisely, devoted himself. The effects of his epigrams are made chiefly by theme: verbal wit and metrical dexterity, the normal characteristics of epigram, are both rare. Occasionally there is a punch line, either conventionally at the end ("The Bourgeois Child") or at the beginning, as in the study of the "Drummer Man" which flows easily out of its fine opening "Sooner or later he was bound to put his sticks by." Mr. Dudek quotes Whitman on the "perfect candour" to which the poet is entitled, but the essential, or creative, candour in Mr. Souster is that of the candid camera. For in the main his method is photographic, a sharply focussed observation

of life in the *fourmillante cité*, and his moralizing is akin to the photographer's sentimental caption.

There are still a few captions, but there is also a respectable body of serious and subtle verse. I like very much the snapshot of "Girls Playing Softball":

> But it doesn't quite come off.
> The voices are a little too high, the ball
> Never seems to behave properly, the bats
> Heavy and awkward.

There is a study of "Nice People," in which a poet

> Sits gravely in the back kitchen, arguing with the negro maid
> (Almost an intellectual herself) the pros and cons
> Of sterilizing the family cat now curled in the centre of the floor.

There are some sombre but admirable hospital scenes, and "Old Man Leaning on a Fence" and "Bridge over the Don" catch another big-city vignette: the gloomy stare into darkness which seems to mean only a vacant mind but actually means that the will to live is ebbing:

> Haven't you seen
> The river before, don't you know it runs, smells like a sewer?

And there are some poems that are just good fun, like "The Opener" and the poem which concludes the book, "Flight of the Roller Coaster."

In this kind of poetry all freshness and novelty come from the choice of subject: the whole creative energy is expended in looking for appropriate scenes and getting them into focus. Reflection and comment are left to habit, and habit produces only the commonplace: in Mr. Souster's poetry it produces mainly grousing. Mr. Dudek's poetry is a contrast in subject-matter, but the same general principle holds. Mr. Dudek is introverted and emotional: what takes fresh and novel shape in his poetry is a sensuous reaction. In *The Transparent Sea* (Contact Press, 117 pp., $2.00), a retrospective collection, the best pieces are songs conveying an immediate mood, such as the one beginning "A bird who sits over my door"; or studies in the movement and sound of words, like "Tree in a Snowstorm"; or ideas that suddenly twist round into paradoxes, like the admirable opening poem on the pineal gland, or his comparison of the universe to a watch which makes religion a search "for larger regions of clockwise justice"; or quick vivid sketches like "Late Winter" or "Lines for a Bamboo Stick," the latter with an Oriental reference; or a study of swift movement, like his picture of a little girl skipping called "The Child."

One of his favourite adjectives is "wet," and some of his best poems have the quality of the wet water-colour that is done quickly and makes its point all at once. Sometimes an image strikes him in a grotesque form, as in the astonishingly successful "Mouths"; sometimes as a muttering and brooding anxiety, as in the near-prose fantasy "The Dead." One often feels that a poem is inconclusive, but then one often feels too that the inconclusiveness is part of the effect, as it is in a sketch. An example is one of the few photographic poems, "To an Unknown in a Restaurant." In such poetry the ideas or comments have to be equally unpremeditated. When they are, they break out with the oracular tone appropriate to ideas that are not hooked on to others:

> What we call nature is nothing else than
> the triumph of life other than our own—

In short, I feel that when the poet says

> The world I see (this poem)
> I make out of the fragments of my pain
> and out of the pleasures of my trembling senses

he is telling us the exact truth about his poetic process.

It follows that he is working against his best qualities when he writes in a sequence, whether of description or thought. Here he is dependent on habit, and produces the *clichés* of habit. In the "Provincetown" sequence there is the same kind of maunderlust that filled so much of *Europe*. Sexual imagery is also a trap for him, for sex is something he feels self-conscious and explanatory about. At other times he is not satisfied with inconclusiveness, and some of the poems sag into platitude in an effort to round off, as in "On Sudden Death" and elsewhere. Yet, as the examples above have made clear, there is much to be grateful for in Mr. Dudek's book, and a great variety of pleasant and melodious writing.

Phyllis Webb's *Even your Right Eye* (McClelland & Stewart, 64 pp., $2.75) in the Indian File series, is a further development of the kind of writing discussed above in connection with the Ryerson Chapbooks. Her techniques are certainly more contemporary: one senses Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens respectively in a pair of poems called "Poetry" and "In Situ," though of course this may be general idiom rather than actual derivation. It is not the technique but the combination of decorative elegance in the diction and melancholy in the mood that marks her affinities. Such poems as "Standing" and "Double Entendre" are almost a kind of verbal embroidery, making one wonder about the

role of the typewriter carriage in the twentieth-century poetic process, or, as she says:

> shapes fall in a torrent of design
> and over the violent space
> assume a convention. . . .

The attitude which corresponds to such diction is one of amused detachment. She has a talent, not fully exploited, for sophisticated light verse, and the concluding "Earth Descending," which appeared in *Trio* two years ago and is like an adult version of the "Planets" poem in *First Flowering*, is still perhaps her best single poem. But the general principle holds that her most sharply realized writing comes in moods of doubt, loneliness, and unhappiness. When such writing occurs, the reader feels that he is no longer listening in on an educated monologue, but being directly spoken to:

> where does it dwell, that virtuous land
> where one can die without a second birth?

There are some uncertainties in the style. Strained is the syntax in "sensed is the green grape pulse" and "Sprouts the bitter grain," and the latter poem, for all its eloquence, has not quite sifted the allegorical ash from the metaphorical flame. On the other hand, "The Second Hand" seems to me successful all through, and "Sacrament of Spring," based on an April-is-the-cruellest-month theme, is something more than successful, with its haunting refrain and its line "The flower and the whip are wed." "Incidental," with its admirable final couplet, is brief enough to quote in full:

> In that indelible year
> when the soldiers came
> and the dogs and harpies visited churches
> the creatures of my infant dreams
> rose up in agony and fear
> and splayed the air with foetal screams
> and left the year uncompromised.
>
> The year then knew its form and fled
> into the cities of the dead.

A Window on the North, by R. A. D. Ford (Ryerson, vi, 48 pp., $2.50) is the work of a poet who has been in the diplomatic service in Brazil and in Russia. The poems include two translated from Brazilian poets, one, "Confidences of an Itabirano," being a remarkable poem which makes one wish for more such translations. Six poems are trans-

lated or adapted from modern Russian poets. Four of them are from Sergei Yessenin, who, like Mayakovsky, committed suicide in the early years of the Communist régime. The implied contrast in imagery between the brilliant and turbulent south and the grey mechanized north enters the Canadian poems too, and is brought into focus in the long concluding poem, "Luis Medias Pontual in Red Square." This poem depicts the hollow ache in the soul of a disillusioned Spanish refugee in Moscow, who notes that Russia and Spain have both been touched by the Orient, and are alien to both East and West.

I have seldom read a book of poems so uniformly bleak and desolate in their imagery, yet bleakness, especially to a reader brought up in Canada, is a very appealing imaginative mood. Mr. Ford is in the tradition of Carman, Campbell, D. C. Scott and others who have communicated the sense of the lonely winter afternoons, the struggling sun, the lynx and wolf lurking in the black woods, the long white expanses of fields, and the resulting fear in the mind of the beholder who feels, so to speak, spiritually responsible for the landscape, stretching as it does "to the Arctic ends of the earth." It is essential that the mind should set itself against such a world, otherwise the world will move in and reduce the mind to its own level of merciless terror and death. This has already happened in a grim poem called "Roadside near Moscow," where the poet sees, but dares not look too closely at:

> the almost human-like
> Column of prisoners, waiting for the snow
> To fill in their tracks.

His favourite pattern is an extension of his south-and-north imagery, the contrast between the brilliant reds and yellows of autumn and the black and white winter. The symbol of the hunter, pursuing death in his red coat across the stubble fields, seems to reflect the world of the middle twentieth century, fading from its past heritage into its future dispossession. Sometimes a symbolism of fertile valley and bare hill is used instead, with the same meaning. In "A Delusion of Reference" the "delusion" is an instant of pattern or design, perceived a moment before "the universe Settles into its usual disarray." Mr. Ford's style is lucid and sober, qualities especially valuable in translators: it can be dull but is thoughtful and not sloppy, and his cosmopolitan influences and settings give his book unusual claims on our attention.

Leonard Cohen, *Let Us Compare Mythologies* (McGill Poetry Series, Contact Press, 79 pp., $2.00) is the first in a series of books featuring

McGill poets, which we owe, as we owe so much, to the generous enthusiasm of Louis Dudek. The poems are of very unequal merit, but the book as a whole is a remarkable production. The erotic poems follow the usual convention of stacking up thighs like a Rockette chorus line, and for them Mr. Cohen's own phrase, "obligations, the formalities of passion," is comment enough. But it is an excess of energy rather than a deficiency of it that is his main technical obstacle. Sometimes moods and images get tangled up with each other and fail to come through to the reader, or allusions to books or paintings distract the attention and muffle the climax, as in "Jingle." In short, this book has the normal characteristics of a good first volume.

To come to his positive qualities, his chief interest, as indicated in his title, is mythopoeic. The mythologies are Jewish, Christian, and Hellenistic. The Christian myth is seen as an extension of the Jewish one, its central hanged god in the tradition of the martyred Jew ("Saviors"), and Hellenism is the alien society which Christianity has come to terms with and Judaism has not. The mythical patterns of the Bible provide some of the paradigms of his imagery:

> The sun is tangled
> in black branches
> raving like Absalom
> between sky and water,
> struggling through the dark terebinth
> to commit its daily suicide.

Other mythical figures, such as the *femme fatale* at the centre of "Letter," "Story," and "Song of Patience," and the dying god of "Elegy," are of white-goddess and golden-bough provenance. Mr. Cohen's outstanding poetic quality, so far, is a gift for macabre ballad reminding one of Auden, but thoroughly original, in which the chronicles of tabloids are celebrated in the limpid rhythms of folksong. The grisly "Halloween Poem," with its muttering prose glosses, is perhaps the most striking of these, but there is also a fine mythopoeic "Ballad" beginning "My lady was found mutilated," which starts with a loose free verse idiom and at the end suddenly concentrates into quatrains. The song beginning "My lover Peterson" is simpler but equally effective, and so is another disturbing news item called "Warning." In "Lovers" he achieves the improbable feat of making a fine dry sardonic ballad out of the theme of a pogrom. No other Canadian poet known to me is doing anything like this, and I hope to see more of it—from Mr. Cohen, that is.

The year 1956 is certainly Irving Layton's year, as far as English Canadian poetry is concerned. Three collections of his work have appeared. *The Improved Binoculars* (Jonathan Williams, 106 pp.) is a selection of his poems, mainly from the collections of the last three years, with an introduction by William Carlos Williams. Dr. Williams writes with commendable enthusiasm, and I find only his epithet "backwoodsman" difficult—perhaps that is how Montreal looks from the perspective of Paterson, N.J. The collection is strongly recommended to those who are becoming curious about this poet, and who have missed the individual volumes from which it has been made. This is also the third year that Mr. Layton has issued two books of verse, one containing most of his more serious poems, the other devoted chiefly to expressions of his poetic personality. The latter group comprise *The Long Pea-Shooter*, *The Blue Propeller*, and now *Music on a Kazoo* (Contact Press, 59 pp.). Mr. Layton's poetic personality is entertaining enough, but is altogether a more stereotyped and predictable character than the actual poet. *Music on a Kazoo* is chiefly remarkable for "The Dwarf," a Kafkaesque murder trial which brings out such evidence as this:

> The manufacturer excused
> himself, saying he had loved her, that he was
> not a sentimental philistine but a poet: he
> had provided the money

There is perhaps nothing of major importance in *The Bull Calf and Other Poems* (Contact Press, 49 pp.), at least nothing with the excitement of the title poem of *The Cold Green Element* or the better poems in *In the Midst of My Fever*. But there are some excellent poems, which emphasize the growing serenity and precision in Mr. Layton's best work and his power of telling the whole disinterested imaginative truth about his subject, free of both querulousness and posing. These are qualities which the more self-advertising poems give little hint of. Mr. Layton has spoken of the influence of D. H. Lawrence, and there are certainly signs of that influence. There is the same sacramental conception of sex in "The Dark Nest," "Sacrament by the Water," and elsewhere, and the same ability to humanize the animal world in the title poem (about a newborn bull calf killed because he is unprofitable), and in a poem about a mosquito

> with a queer sort
> of dignity clinging to its inert legs.

There may be some Lawrence, too, in his sacrificial symbolism, which

enters the bull calf poem and crops up elsewhere, as in a poem about chokecherries where the caterpillar-ridden leaves are a sacrifice for the cherries. But he has, for one thing, a sense of ethical reality that Lawrence lacked. He notes the "stale melodrama of guilt" in the brooding resentments of the inner mind; he notes the curious parody of self-sacrifice which will make a man deliberately undercut himself in order to maintain his good opinion of himself; he notes the alliance of morality and desire in sexual relations when he advises a seducer to make a wife feel that she is lying with her husband. This shrewd insight into the self-satisfactions of evil brings him closer to Kafka, even to Eliot, particularly in an extraordinary "hollow men" poem called "Letter from a Straw Man" and another called "Halos at Lac Marie Louise," where the skilful use of assonance-rhyme indicates an unobtrusive mastery of technique:

> It was a white skeleton
> Of a tree ominously gnarled;
> And around the singular crow
> The stark crows whirled.

In short, Mr. Layton appears to be gathering together the powers and range of what is certainly the most considerable Canadian poet of his generation, and may soon become something more.

FICTION

Claude T. Bissell

Each year, when I complete my reading of the fiction of the period, I feel as if I have passed through a curiously non-human landscape. Few of the novels give an illusion of immersion in life. Of most Canadian fiction one might say that it does not create a warm, human world, that it is deficient in rendering the minute and complex tangle of human emotions. Of course there are exceptions almost every year—certainly since the twenties when Callaghan and Grove successfully challenged the story-book simplicity of Canadian fictional psychology. But even in Grove and Callaghan, and in the growing band of good novelists who have followed them, there are few examples of really vigorous powers of characterization. None of these—with the one exception of Brian Moore in *Judith Hearne*—has created a great character, the kind of character vital enough to seem to escape from the confines of the book and to exist in a sort of splendid independence. Certainly the hero in Canadian fiction has yet to emerge, although Grove tried desperately in his prairie novels to give him shape and form. Against this background, Adele

Wiseman's achievement in *The Sacrifice* (Macmillan of Canada, vi, 346 pp., $3.95), by far the best novel of the year, is all the more impressive, for she comes close to creating a hero of great and noble proportions who is also a human being. The extent of her success is clearly revealed, too, against the inadequacies in the techniques and the powers of characterization revealed, in varying degrees, by the other novelists of the year.

Characterization has always been a particularly difficult problem for the historical novelist. The temptation is strong to concentrate attention on external detail in order to build up an impression of a "real world." And it is easy too to transfer this external approach to characterization, to look upon the characters as, in effect, objects that can be described and categorized in terms of a simple, broad psychology. If political issues are involved and the writer has strong didactic convictions, then characters become pawns in a moral game. To all these temptations Gladys Lewis yields with apparent zest in her novel *Joshua Doan* (Ryerson, 319 pp., $3.50). Mrs. Lewis has strong and clear-cut convictions about the rebellion of 1837: the people in authority were a set of unscrupulous grafters, and the rebels were either strong-minded, sensible men or, at worst, unsophisticated idealists. Her rebels are drawn from a small Quaker community in Western Ontario. There is room here for the drama of inner conflict, since support of armed rebellion is clearly not a tenet of the Quaker faith. Mrs. Lewis, to do her justice, fixes upon this as a central dilemma, but, given her heavy moral and political sympathies, she cannot risk any possible ambiguity. The result is a set of characters that exude either heavy villainy or heavy virtues, and a set of trite, sentimental complications. Politics of a more immediately disturbing kind dominate Charles E. Israel's *How Many Angels* (Macmillan of Canada, vi, 330 pp., $2.75), which deals with the swirl of passion and hate aroused by the "Sudeten question" during and after the Second World War. Beside Mrs. Lewis's *papier maché* world, this is terrifyingly real. And yet the reality comes not so much from the people, as from the bitter, elemental emotions that seem to consume the individuals. "Don't you know, Doctor, that the age of the individual is past?" says a communist party leader to the hero, a pathetic little medical doctor who alone in a world of soulless doctrinaires tries to be simply a human being. "Forget the people, Doctor," continues the communist. "They're only important when you can deal with them in a group." The book is dominated by the figure of the bureaucratic official, his face a mask of indifference or cruelty, his identity revealed only by

some external characteristic. *How Many Angels*, at times an effective political allegory, belongs to this survey, one assumes, only by reason of the author's citizenship. It would be difficult to think of a novel more removed from the Canadian scene, or, even more, from the main trends of Canadian fiction.

Basil Partridge's novel, *Chaplet of Grace* (Westminster [Ryerson], 283 pp., $4.00), has none of the major defects of the historical or political novel, chiefly because it has only a surface relation to the genre. It is "historical" only in its careful building up of background—genteel church society in New Brunswick in the final decades of the nineteenth century. Mr. Partridge here adds a third section to his saga of family life, this time, in the Jalna fashion, putting in the foundation after a fair amount of the superstructure has been reared. We now get the early married life of the Penningtons: father, an amiable and admirable Anglican churchman of a simple, direct cast of mind; mother, self-willed, fiery-tempered, inclined towards the rebellious and the nonconformist, but, at heart, a firm and unquestioning supporter of her husband. Mr. Partridge does not carry the burden of establishing a political point of view, and he has no message except that of warm admiration for his two main characters, who are, in substantial part, family portraits. The technique of characterization is uncomplicated: an early statement of dominating characteristics, and their subsequent illustration in a variety of incidents.

Like the historical novel, the regional novel—usually about an isolated, rural community—challenges the ingenuity of the writer to create character. Background detail takes the place of historical documentation, and it can often overwhelm the human world. Despite the best of intentions to focus on the individual soul, Grove, for instance, often turns into a superior regional geographer, and his imaginary figures are swallowed up in the vast, brooding mass of his prairie landscapes. Again, as in the historical novel, the concern with external detail in description is easily transferred to characterization; and, if the physical background is simple and primitive, the characters will often conform to their background. The regional novelist is often, too, a prey to nostalgia and sentimentalism, and these can quickly falsify characterization.

All of the four novels of the year with a strong regional emphasis illustrate these deficiencies in characterization, although in varying proportions. The results are most unhappy for Gladys Taylor's *Pine Roots* (Ryerson, vi, 238 pp., $3.75). The novel might be described as belonging to the school of backwoods Gothic. Against a background of fron-

tier settlement in Manitoba from the turn of the century to the early twenties parade a succession of elemental emotions loosely attached to names and sets of physical characteristics. Upon a crude *mélange* of love, hate, and violence is imposed a theme of a particularly obvious and sentimental nature. This novel was given a Canadian fiction award. One can only speculate darkly about the quality of the novels that were not successful. Vera Lysenko's *Westerly Wild* (Ryerson, 284 pp., $3.75) is rather similar to Mrs. Taylor's novel in tone and temper, although there is a good deal more concentration and analysis of major characters, and events of violence are carefully rationed. A young girl deliberately chooses a post as teacher in the "dust bowl" in Saskatchewan during the thirties; she meets and falls in love with the local squire, a man of outward arrogance and inner thoughtfulness, with a dark and mysterious past. The dust jacket suggests that the novel is a Canadian *Wuthering Heights*, although one would have thought that the stricter comparison was with *Jane Eyre*. The approach to character is not unlike that in the Victorian classic; an emphasis on strong, broad effects, undistinguished, however, by the poetic intensity that constantly lifts *Jane Eyre* above melodrama.

Two of our best known and most accomplished novelists have written novels this year that have strong regional qualities; and both, as one might expect, work in their chosen field with a fair degree of skill and sensitivity. In *The Wings of Night* (Doubleday, 319 pp., $4.25), Mr. Raddall writes his third novel with a contemporary Nova Scotian setting; and, as in *The Nymph and The Lamp* and *Tidefall*, he is unusually successful in establishing the quality of a place. A good deal of Mr. Raddall's spell as a descriptive artist—his bold sweep and his imaginative exuberance—is contained in a sentence like this: "The bad thing about air travel is that in a few summer hours you can be jerked from the fresh air of the coast to a place like Toronto in the hot belly of the continent, where the sun stands right on the roofs and the breeze along the lake is just the southwest wind from the baked plains of Kansas with something of the hot reek of Chicago and Detroit picked up along the way." Mr. Raddall is not, however, writing mainly about Toronto (a city for which he has the good Maritimer's practised contempt), but about a small remote Nova Scotia town that has fallen upon evil days. He writes about the village aristocracy, built briefly and insecurely upon the lumber industry, but long since fallen into pathetic decay, its descendants living desperately amid the ruins of their former splendours, "dreaming in their houses, waiting for the coffins to come." Mr. Raddall

is at his best with the "deserted village" theme; like his famous Nova Scotia predecessor, Thomas Haliburton, he loves a melancholy pastoral. But when he moves from place to people, he is considerably less successful, less successful than he was even in the preceding two novels. The characters are all stereotypes, pushed into situations by Mr. Raddall's authoritative prose. The hero is the adventurer familiar to the Raddall reader, impetuous, a little gauche, but warm-hearted and occasionally reflective; of the two heroines, one is gentle, shy, confused, the other, direct and wholesome. Mr. Raddall is certainly searching for something more compelling than a conventional romantic complication. He wants the novel to tell us in emotional and symbolic terms something about the hero's attitude towards the old life of the decaying village that he is rediscovering after a long absence. But the concluding episodes are more striking as melodrama than as symbol.

David Walker is the other established writer who has written a regional novel this year. *Harry Black* (Collins, 320 pp., $3.00) is set mainly in a remote outpost in northern India, and yet the novel has certain similarities to *The Wings of Night*. Mr. Walker's hero is also a reflective adventurer, older and more complex than Raddall's hero, a man unsatisfied by success as soldier and leader, searching for some ultimate reckoning with his own soul. The major section of the book is concerned with Harry Black's pursuit and final despatch of a man-eating tiger: but the scenes of finely narrated action are interspersed with probings into Harry's relation with an old war-time friend and his Canadian wife, with whom Harry is deeply in love; and the emotional triangle is illuminated by scenes from the past—during pre-war days when Harry was a fearless young subaltern in an Indian regiment, during the Second World War when he was taken prisoner and planned and led a mass escape, and when, on a hero's tour of Canada, he met and fell in love with his friend's wife; during post-war years in India, just before the events of the novel, when his marriage with an amiable slut is about to break up on the rocks of infidelity and drunkenness. In *Harry Black*, Mr. Walker is attempting to move from an outer to an inner approach to character, to make the shift from a skilful, but essentially superficial, novelist of adventure to a novelist of character. The shift is not made with complete success. Harry Black's dilemma is not clear, nor its resolution convincing, despite the elaborate use of literary echo and allusion; but the scenes of the tiger hunt are vivid and exciting, and the portrait of little Bapu, the tiger tracker, the outcast from a primitive tribe, for whom the tiger is both ultimate good and ultimate

evil, is moving and memorable. His sacrificial slaying by the tigers is really the emotional resolution of the novel rather than Harry Black's admirable decision to deny himself for the sake of his friend. But this is an interesting and provocative novel, not less interesting because for the first time Mr. Walker has turned briefly for a scene and a character to his adopted country.

All of the novels discussed so far have been unsuccessful in characterization, because the main interest or the main talent of the novelist lay elsewhere. With the remaining novelists, whatever the actual accomplishment, the main intent is to create a vigorous human world. This is true even of Scott Young's novel *The Flood* (McClelland & Stewart, 223 pp., $3.50), which, in the tradition of Hugh Maclennan's *Barometer Rising*, uses a great physical catastrophe—the Winnipeg flood of May 1950—as both background for, and precipitator of, emotional crises. The human drama parallels the physical drama: both reach their crisis at the same time and both subside at the same time. Mr. Young's theme is that classic of contemporary fiction: the conflict between father and son, and up to a point it is done with some delicacy and subtlety. But the style, almost a parody of Hemingway at his most visceral, betrays him into inanities; and a sentimental eroticism constantly blurs the dramatic situations. On the whole the book emerges most strongly as a piece of superior reporting. In Jan Hilliard's *The Jameson Girls* (Nelson, Foster & Scott, 240 pp., $3.50) the diversion of background does not appear. The action takes place in an old house on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, but it might well have taken place anywhere. Mrs. Hilliard's book is continuously and intensely about people; it is thus at the opposite pole to the regional novel. But she does not so much project or even analyse people as gossip about them. The result is a group of moderately effective caricatures. Mrs. Hilliard's characters—four sisters, their irascible father, a set of domestics, and a seedy male romantic lead—are all eccentrics of a generally repulsive nature. Mrs. Hilliard writes with engaging facility, but seems divided in her mind as to whether she is trying to shock or to amuse.

The remaining three novels are all unmistakably novels of character, where no question exists about the novelist's intentions, and where success or failure is dependent upon the creation of complex and life-like people. Ethel Wilson's *Love and Salt Water* (Macmillan of Canada, x, 203 pp., $2.75) is the least intensely concerned with the individual. She retains her delight in the sharp natural scene, and succumbs again to her passion for the poetic travelogue that was given such an indulgent

scope in her second novel, *The Innocent Traveller*. But her real identification is with her heroine, a diverting successor to Hetty Dorval, whom she introduces to us abruptly and amusingly at the age of eleven, and then follows in a free chronological fashion until her marriage some twenty years later. Mrs. Wilson has some difficulty in persuading us to focus on her heroine, since her story is not sharpened by plot, but follows a straight chronological line, with a few "echoes" of situation and phrase to give some unity. Her success is not so much with the creation of character as with the creation of a general world of human emotions. This is really a novel about a point of view—the heroine's point of view, which is also the author's. And the point of view is always attractive: gay and warm-hearted, with a tonic note of irony and withdrawal. As always, Mrs. Wilson's prose responds to her vision: it seems to catch the very nuances of passion and feeling.

Edward McCourt's novel, *The Wooden Sword* (McClelland & Stewart, 255 pp., $2.75), is a rarity in Canadian fiction, for it is a sustained psychological study of the intellectual. Mr. McCourt's previous heroes and heroines have always had a degree of thoughtfulness, but they have been restricted in expression by an unsophisticated society. Stephen Venner, the hero of the new novel, suffers from no such restrictions. Indeed he is a member of the most purely intellectual of all communities, the academic. An academic community would seem to provide much material for rich and diverting comedy, but little enough for tragic heroism, as Angus Wilson and Kingsley Amis have recently shown. Mr. McCourt tries to show that this may not always be so. His leading character does have some heroic proportions: he is suffering from a psychopathic depression brought on by his failure as a soldier in the North African campaign, and it is the recovery of his old heroic and romantic self that brings about his release. His spiritual distress is mixed up with a heavily sentimentalized war-time romance that I found confusing and embarrassing. Mr. McCourt's academic hero, like Earle Birney's academic hero of *Down the Long Table*, is unattractive and not a little boring. The novel is at its best as academic reportage, particularly in the scene where the staff discusses salary scales with venom and passion—perhaps not an accurate reflection of what goes on in faculty meetings, which are normally dull and passionless, but good dramatization of what goes on in private conversations and inner soliloquies.

Adele Wiseman's book, *The Sacrifice*, as I have suggested at the beginning of this review, is the most successful novel of the year in the creation of character. From the opening pages when we first meet

Abraham, the dazed and bewildered immigrant journeying with his young son and his pogrom-haunted wife across the vast new land to an unknown city, he is firmly fixed in our mind, and, with each new scene, he takes on larger dimensions. Abraham is intensely and warmly human, and yet he is widely representative. He is the new arrival in the new world who is never quite able to forget the old world from which he came, and to which his memories and his thoughts return. He is the patriarch, tortured by the suspicion that his own excessive love for his sons has brought about their deaths. He is the everyman philosopher trying to construct a metaphysics that will account for the too frequent triumph of evil. It is a measure of our identification with him that he does not cease to be credible, even though, in the climactic scene, he commits an act that seems to be a negation of his whole past life. He becomes a murderer, impelled to the deed by an atavistic impulse that through a blood sacrifice he will restore his sons to life.

One may find some warrant for a suggestive generalization in the fact that three Canadian novelists who have been most successful in the creation of character—Henry Kreisel, Mordecai Richler, and Adele Wiseman—have written about Jewish communities, and, particularly, about the recent Jewish immigrant. Part of their success may simply be a matter of having available to them the rich and ancient traditions of their people. Even more important, it seems to me, is the comparative ease with which they maintain a balance between character and background. Miss Wiseman's Winnipeg is unobtrusive and unspecific, but it is clearly there. Mr. Kreisel's Toronto and Mr. Richler's Montreal are much more closely and specifically realized; but they never annihilate the characters. For them, there can be no doubt about the centrality of the human being and the human soul. It is, one would suspect, the starting point of the novelist, although many Canadian novelists have yet to stumble upon this simple truth.

DRAMA

N. J. Endicott

The arguments about the meaning of "being Canadian" will be of more interest, in relation to drama, when we have recognized achievement in antithetical kinds of plays, when we have plays of sufficient verbal distinction to reward reading as well as seeing. *Worlds Apart*, six short plays by Norman Williams (Copp Clarke, xii, 204 pp., $3.75) have demonstrated by stage success their author's theatrical sense and his capacity to choose dramatic situations. To the test of reading the dialogue now stands up very well, and there is quite a range of voices.

Though quick to take advantage of the non-illusionistic techniques established by modern dramatists, Mr. Williams is not himself strikingly experimental. The themes of his more speculative plays are also slight and charming rather than pithy. But when, as in *A Battle of Wits*, he makes use of certain elements of the Chinese theatre, he does so skilfully, without fuss or affectation, and while it has little brilliance his dialogue shows something of the ease and directness characteristic of, for instance, Fry, or Giraudoux—in other words, it has point and style. We are told that Mr. Williams' favourite dramatist is Shaw; the political ideas in his recent full-length play *To Ride a Tiger* suffer from a lack of force, as well as from being enveloped in an air of rather sentimental romance (how fortunate Shaw was in having no such temptations), but the directness and vigour of the best dialogue in these plays suggest that if Mr. Williams can discover and develop themes of greater strength and intellectual interest he has the promise of making a very real contribution to Canadian drama. There is a good brief preface by Herbert Whittaker, and the book is handsomely printed.

THE HUMANITIES

The re-issuing of Professor Douglas Bush's admirable study of the humanist movement in the English Renaissance is particularly timely (*The Renaissance and English Humanism*, University of Toronto Press, 139 pp., $3.00). The recent effort of Professor C. S. Lewis, in his volume of the "Oxford History of English Literature" dealing with the non-dramatic literature of the sixteenth century, to minimize the contributions of the sixteenth-century humanists to the culture of the reign of Queen Elizabeth here finds its sufficient and effective answer. Professor Bush clearly establishes the centrality of humanistic studies throughout Renaissance education and traces the formative effects of this discipline on the literature and philosophy of the period, first on the Continent, and, in more detail, in England from the time of Erasmus, Colet, and More onward to the time of Milton.

The men who gave its distinctive character to the humanist movement of the Renaissance—men like Petrarch, Poliziano, Erasmus, Montaigne, on the Continent; Sir Thomas More, Sir Thomas Elyot, Roger Ascham, Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Milton in England, to name only the greatest—were neither elegant amateurs of learning on the one hand nor "pure scholars" in the modern sense on the other, but men who regarded the study of the ancient classics as a means of preparation for a life of action and usefulness in

the state and who thought of the humanistic discipline as providing the strongest rational support for the Christian faith. Thus the humanist movement of the Renaissance, as Professor Bush argues, is most properly described as "Christian humanism" and understood as a programme and training for a certain way of life, "that way of life and thought which keeps man in union with God and above the biological level. It opposes both the irreligious scientific rationalism which would separate man from the divine, and the ethical or unethical naturalism—often the eldest child of rationalism—which would link him with the beasts. Common humanistic labels for these two sets of enemies are 'Averroists' and 'Epicureans.' " (Pp. 54–5.)

As is well known, Professor Bush is one of the most distinguished contemporary exponents of a style that is lucid, witty, and urbane. Though he tells us, in a note to the present reprint, that he has altered some sentences that had long caused him discomfort, the reader may search in vain for traces of joinery. Throughout, the volume offers the happiest combination of sound matter gracefully expressed. Here is a book that recalls the Horatian maxim:

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,

and brilliantly exemplifies it. (HAROLD S. WILSON)

Professor R. M. Wiles has undertaken to examine the various kinds of serial publication devised "to allure multitudes to peruse books into which they would otherwise never have looked" (*Serial Publication in England before 1750*, Cambridge University Press [Macmillan of Canada], xvi, 371 pp., $9.50). He has provided a short-title catalogue of books thus published before 1750, and in his introductory chapters gives an account of the different developments from the abridged newspaper versions of books like *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Pamela*, and *Joseph Andrews* to the separate publication of new books in monthly parts, of which apparently Joseph Moxon's *Mechanick Exercises*, 1678–1683, is the first example. In this case, it should perhaps be made clear that only small numbers seem to have been issued in this way as they were ready, the volumes when completed being issued in book form in the ordinary way. Thus of volume II on the *Art of Printing* there is only one surviving copy in parts, all the other known copies having been issued in a complete volume. The reprints of volume I were published not by Joseph, but his son James; both being printers, engravers, publishers, and booksellers. Professor Wiles has also discussed the controversies between editors and booksellers like Edlin and Stackhouse; pamphlets stating the *Case of Authors* in their dealings with

booksellers; and the complicated problems of the congers and other forms of partnership, for sharing large enterprises like the *History of England* in folio, 1739, and the collection of *Voyages* and the *Biographia Britannica* in 1744. (HERBERT DAVIS)

During the last thirty-five years a major branch of Browning scholarship has centred its attention on the relation between *The Ring and the Book* and the historical events it uses as a narrative theme. Some of the work, dating from Judge Gest's legal investigation of Browning's seventeenth-century "Roman murder story," has in effect put the poet himself on trial by questioning his fidelity to "historic fact"; for those readers who remain aware of Browning's ironic attitude to "fact" and "fancy," and his distinction between "fact" and "truth," and for those who, like Browning, remember that the evidence of the Old Yellow Book is itself largely interpretation of events by various persons, all such work has been accompanied by a degree of unconscious irony. This is most clearly the case with Judge Gest's book, based as it is on the assumption that the lawyer is better endowed than the poet for the perception of truth. It is pleasant to record that some of the most judicious research in this area of Browning studies, and some of the most important, has been done by Canadians: Professor W. O. Raymond, Professor J. E. Shaw, and now most recently Professor Beatrice Corrigan (*Curious Annals: New Documents relating to Browning's Roman Murder Story*, University of Toronto Press, l, 142 pp., $5.00).

Miss Corrigan's *Curious Annals* bears a peculiar relation to *The Ring and the Book*, since it consists of her translation of a whole new set of documents dealing with the murder story, but documents almost certainly unknown to Browning. Some of the volume (whose existence in Cortona Miss Corrigan discovered in 1940) repeats material in the Old Yellow Book, some of it gives at greater length material in Browning's "Secondary Source"; a great deal of it is entirely new. Three sorts of interest attach to the new documents: in the first place, Browning's use of the story has given us an interest in Guido, Pompilia, Caponsacchi and the other actors in it quite apart from our interest in them as sources; in the second place, the more we learn of them as historic figures, and the more facets of their situation we have illuminated, the more likely we are to catch added insights into Browning's imaginative grasp of their natures and situation; and finally, as Miss Corrigan very modestly suggests, the sharp vividness of the narratives and the circumstantial details accompanying them throw a good deal of light on the customs and the psychology of the Seicento.

Miss Corrigan's is an admirable volume in all respects: her fifty-page

introduction gives a full description of the contents of the Cortona codex, sets the documents very clearly and briefly in the context of events, and defines very sensibly their relation to Browning's poem. Her translation from both Latin and Italian is smooth, fluent, and energetic. Finally, the book is handsomely produced. (F. E. L. PRIESTLEY)

Towards the end of *Dublin's Joyce* (Indiana University Press [Copp Clark], xii, 372 pp., $6.75) Mr. Kenner comments condescendingly on the Joyce cult of the *Transition* group of the twenties, and notes how Joyce put them sardonically into the *Wake* as "Cabraists and Finglossies." A great pity that we cannot have Joyce on Kenner the "dogmestic" analogist, whose sentences commit unholy rapes upon the intelligence, who, striving to avoid plain statement, will perpetrate such horrors as "Nothing lay before Yeats by then but a wonderfully resilient dryness," or, "Ibsen's centrifugal letch toward eternity."

Any book about Joyce is a book of styles ("book of kills"), and the author cannot expect to escape whipping. Mr. Kenner has a thesis, based on some remarks of Wyndham Lewis, inevitably on a "neglected" essay by Ezra Pound, and (more solidly) upon the description in *Finnegans Wake* of the inside of Shem the Penman's "cerebralised saucepan": "a jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of lands derelict and of tongues laggin too." Briefly, Mr. Kenner argues that Joyce's sole subject was the language of Dublin, "city of haunted talk," the eighteenth-century city talking in its sleep. This thesis is used to assist a detailed explication of the Joyce canon in terms of overt or suppressed analogies, and of Joyce's aesthetic theories. There is room here to observe only that the general argument depends on a pretty sketchy and prejudiced view of post-Kantian philosophy and a ludricous set of generalizations about the nineteenth century—red-draped Victorian drawing-room as the womb; Lewis Carroll "articulates the whole nineteenth century," etc.—which can hardly be taken seriously. There are, too, occasional glimpses of his assumptions about his readers' knowledge, for example, "Tristan da Cunha, a volcanic rock in the mid-Atlantic . . . had a population of around 100"; "Sandhurst is a military school." The most amusing thing about the book is that Joyce, quoted steadily as evidence, irresponsibly keeps saying more than he should do for the argument. He has, as usual, the last word. (MILLAR MACLURE)

Archibald Lampman was a good letter-writer, and (as in the case of Keats, who is an obvious choice for comparison on several counts) the critic stands to gain much from reading what he wrote to his friends.

These letters, however, have not been readily available, though their resources have to some extent been made known to the public through the work of Brown and Scott and Connor, all of whom had access to the manuscripts held by Lampman's literary executors. The deficiency is now partly remedied by the appearance of *Archibald Lampman's Letters to Edward William Thomson (1890–1898)*, edited with an introduction, annotations, a bibliography with notes, and his "Essay on Happiness" by Arthur S. Bourinot (Ottawa, the Editor, 74 pp., $2.50). The compilation has been made chiefly from documents in the possession of the poet's daughter, Mrs. T. R. L. MacInnes of Ottawa. The pity is that the gap has not been closed with more finality. For here, as in other areas of Canadian letters where exacting scholarship is demanded, we must thank someone for doing an important job rather badly. The collection is privately published, and much is to be excused—indeed my main thought is simply to give Mr. Bourinot the credit he deserves for advancing, both here and elsewhere, valuable studies in Canadian literature. But my more critical thought is that there are a disturbing number of errors in the present text, only a handful of which are picked up in Mr. Bourinot's *errata* slip. For example, amongst the bibliographical entries on page 55 we find "McClelland & Steward" (read *Stewart*), "R. E. Walters" (read *Watters*), "Appraisal of Canadian Literature" (read *Appraisals of Canadian Literature*); on page 47 we find "MacInnis" (read *MacInnes*), and on page 71 "Queens" (read *Queen's*). Add to errors of this order an editorial commentary on the letters which is sometimes redundant, sometimes awkwardly tendentious, sometimes simply confusing (as in the case of the identification, on page 24, of an allusion which does not exist in the preceding letter) and the reader's confidence is shaken. The editor's bald announcement in a fore-note, moreover, that he has excised from the letters all that he considers "unimportant and not of particular interest" is well calculated to fill the scholar with alarm and dismay. Still, if less than admirable, this collection contains material of undoubted value. There is testimony to Lampman's disheartening struggle to find a market for his work, and there are many passages which record the poet's shrewd thoughts upon his craft. There is a good deal of light thrown on Lampman's crisis of conscience over the kind of poetry he should write—a crisis which he resolved a little uneasily in these last years of his life by professing that he was reconciled to doing no more than what he could do well and content to call himself "a minor poet of a superior order." There is conclusive evidence throughout of a keen mind and an engaging per-

sonality. It is pleasant also to be stabbed alive (as Gulley Jimson would say) by Lampman's sharp phrasing—to hear, for example, that a meeting of the Royal Society held in Ottawa in 1894 was so successful that "the dry bones gave forth a vicious rattle." The student doing research on Lampman will certainly be able to put this edition of the letters to good use, and he will be grateful too for Mr. Bourinot's inclusion in the pamphlet of the rare "Essay on Happiness." He will at the same time learn something about E. W. Thomson, a figure in the scene who is plainly worth knowing. (R. L. McDOUGALL)

II

The first Canadian Writers' Conference (not to be mistaken for a plenary session of the Canadian Authors' Association) met at Queen's University, Kingston, in the summer of 1955; and a report of its proceedings is now offered to the public in a volume called *Writing in Canada* (Macmillan of Canada, xii, 148 pp., cloth $3.25, paper $1.45), edited by George Whalley. The broad purpose of the Conference seems to have been to test the extent of the sense of community shared by Canadian writers, and perhaps to strengthen this by means of a sort of three-day literary potlatch. Its particular aim, as we are told by F. R. Scott in his introduction to the printed report, was the examination of a triune theme: "The Writer, His Media, and the Public." The list of invited delegates therefore included representatives from each of the several groups involved in what the conveners called "the literary assembly line," and special papers were commissioned from a poet and a novelist, from a critic and an editor and a publisher, and from a programme director of the C.B.C. and a librarian. Funds from the Rockefeller Foundation made all this possible.

The bulk of *Writing in Canada* is made up of the formal papers delivered to the Conference. But to these papers, fortunately, have been added a number of summary reports which are at least an indication of what went on in the "seminars" in which the papers were discussed —sessions which were undoubtedly the heart of this as of any conference, if we except those incomparable but unreportable ones held around bottles in bedrooms. Also included is a special post-conference report on the publishing of poetry in Canada and in England, and another on the informal poetry readings which grew up unscheduled around a number of poets who just happened to have brought their manuscripts with them.

The whole makes a very good book—and a book, I think, which is exciting for the very reason that its excellence is a little surprising. Since we are a nation whose most apparent tradition at the moment takes the form of a chronic disposition to inquire into the health of an ailing culture, one can be excused for having had misgivings about such a gathering as the one proposed for Kingston. Special pleading, diffidence, and national introspection had by this time their monument, and a magnificent one, in the Massey Report, and all else must surely be in excess of saturation. But the happy fact is that the records of the Kingston Conference display all the markings of freshness and vigour. Though many of the old problems were raised, they seem to have been viewed less as problems specially designed to cripple Canadians than simply as those endemic to the profession of writing—the high costs of publishing, the threats of commercialism, and the smallness of the reading public. Better still, the issues of nationalism and cosmopolitanism, the two rocks upon which so much endeavour in this country has split, seem to have been most successfully avoided. Yet this is wrongly to suggest compromise and unanimity. The formal papers printed in *Writing in Canada* are distinguished by an air of authority and show no disposition on the part of those who delivered them to bow before received opinion either within or without the Conference. And the special tone of the proceedings as a whole is one of spirited dissension. I think of Shaw's priest, in another context, speaking of beliefs and ideas: "It is not the victory of any one of them over the others . . . but their fruitful interaction in a costly but noble state of tension." If the tension at Kingston was less than noble, tension at least there was, and of sufficient strength to ensure that mutual congratulation or any form of narcissism would have a short life. "At no time," writes George Whalley, "was there any danger that some transfiguring flood of sweetness and light would undermine vigorous discussion or destroy those resources of prejudice and conviction which make for fruitful conflict." It follows that the importance of *Writing in Canada* (and of the Conference which it partially reflects) is not to be measured by conclusions or findings. It is true that we are offered a number of resolutions adopted by the delegates. Canadian literature, for example, should be given a more substantial place in the curricula of our schools and universities; libraries should receive increased support from provincial governments; and a systematic attempt should be made to reprint standard Canadian works. But the real source of the book's value is simply the evidence it contains of an exchange of opinion on the profession of letters in Canada

which is about as lively and as well-informed as any that has ever come to public notice in this country. No person who professes to an interest in our cultural life should fail to read *Writing in Canada*.

A final observation may appropriately be made in these pages of the *Quarterly*. Judging from the printed report, I conclude that the Kingston Conference shirked the tough assignment of examining the function of criticism in Canada. And to answer that the function of criticism in Canada and in relation to Canadian writing is precisely the same as the function of criticism anywhere is merely to echo a common variety of shallow response. I do not refer to the wearisome debate as to whether a special kind of critical charity should or should not be practised in the evaluation of Canadian books. The proper questions are much more complex. How, for example, are we to guard against the danger to which we are assuredly exposed of making our nearest equivalents to Hawthorne and Melville the centres of elaborate critical rituals, almost cabalistic in their apparatus, which feed more and more upon themselves and less and less upon their subjects? And do we choose a more exact and honest way if we see special virtues in the support which the disciplines of history and sociology seem to offer in the study of a minor literature such as ours, or if we see in Canada's position as a nation having peculiarly strong ties both with the United States and with the Commonwealth a special sanction for comparative studies in English-language literatures? More fundamentally, how are some of our better critical minds to be deployed profitably over an area in which there are as yet no great traditions and no literary giants? Such questions do not seem to have been asked. On the other hand, the statement was made at the Conference (and apparently gained some acceptance) that as far as Canadian writers were concerned, "Canadian critics were no help at all." One must suppose that poets and novelists who take this view want only to have their backs scratched. Our major criticism is thin, and will remain so until sensible answers are supplied to the questions raised above. But the truth is that Canadian writing has for two decades at least been reviewed by Canadians with immense conscientiousness and skill—to the extent, in fact, that our achievement in this respect is an enviable one among nations. Detailed references are impossible, but I believe (and I hope I shall be held sufficiently impartial in this matter) that ample support for this contention could be produced without going beyond the twenty-year record of this "Letters in Canada" supplement to the *Quarterly*.

Delegates to the Kingston conference of Canadian writers deplored

the lack of outlets, particularly in the form of periodicals, for new Canadian writing; and it seems likely that the currency which the conference gave to this feeling has had something to do with the appearance of an anthology of short stories and poems (and one dramatic sketch) called *New Voices* (Dent, vii, 184 pp., $3.00). The "new voices" in question are those of university students—coast-to-coast, graduate and undergraduate, French-Canadian (a few) and English-Canadian, and all under the age of twenty-five. The response to requests for manuscripts seems to have been generally good, but it is impossible not to notice that some universities are much more strongly represented in this volume than others. We are asked in the Foreword to ascribe this to the chance of a fallow year in certain centres. It will do no harm, however, for those of us who like to think of Toronto as the little Athens of Canada to see something more than chance in the marked ascendancy of voice which the Montreal universities (especially McGill) and those of the western provinces (especially the University of British Columbia) establish over the relatively slim piping which comes from the University of Toronto. Still, Toronto may see itself redeemed in the fact that the idea for *New Voices* seems to have originated with Joseph McCulley, Warden of Hart House. Selection was the work of Earle Birney, Ira Dilworth, Desmond Pacey, Jean-Charles Bonenfant, and Roger Duhamel. A general effect of the anthology, of course, is to sustain the traditional role of the universities as the main spawning-grounds for creative writing in Canada.

Despite a commendable immediacy in the treatment of subject, the work printed in *New Voices* carries reminders of its academic origins. The prose is fluent and correct, the poetry is seldom less than competent, and a knowledge of approved forms and techniques is unmistakable. These are virtues, though not exciting ones, and they make for a very civilized book and one which is quite in keeping with the best traditions of Canadian sobriety. I am therefore almost sure that I am wrong in wishing that these new writers showed more evidence than they do of vitality, of passion and intensity, and of sensitivity to values. They are literate and intelligent; but their moments of vision (as Conrad understood the term) are few and, with some exceptions, dim. Perhaps they just never get wound up, for their contributions are for the most part remarkably brief. No useful generalization will fit the wide variety of subject-matter presented, unless it be the negative one that the emphasis is not parochial, nor even regional. The tone of writing, on the other hand, is conspicuously serious—scarcely a smile raised over the

whole range of fifty-two selections. It would be risky to say which of these writers should be heard from again. Certainly not all of them. But amongst the poetry I like best the work of Heather Spears, Nancy Nablo, Josette Laframboise, and (when I am in a mood to look at formal gardens through a polished lens) Jay Macpherson; and amongst the prose I see special merit in the short stories of Elizabeth Carroll, Raymond Joly, and Elizabeth M. Lambert.

There can be little doubt that *New Voices* will succeed in its modest purpose of making "at least a small contribution to a developing Canadian literature" by offering "some encouragement . . . to young writers." I remain unconvinced, however, that an anthology of student writing is a particularly healthy means to the end proposed. I believe that it can, and to some extent does in this case, encourage the wrong people, and sometimes the right people in the wrong way; and I believe that it can, and to some extent does in this case, lower the already debased currency of book publication. There is a surer way; and this lies in the means unfortunately rejected by Mr. McCulley's Hart House committees as impracticable: the literary periodical. Assign to this means the time, energy, talent, and money represented by *New Voices* and something truly sound might be done to establish a vigorous training ground and recruitment depot for young writers. If there is not the support in the universities or elsewhere for some form of "little magazine," it is unlikely that the situation can be much improved by fostering the student anthology. (R. L. McDOUGALL)

III

It is sometimes a source of embarrassment to us that most of the handful of Canadian authors known abroad are authors who have found little favour in the eyes of our serious-minded critics. So it is in the case of Robert Service and Mazo de la Roche; and so it is in the case of L. M. Montgomery, whose *Anne of Green Gables* has been translated into six languages, printed in Braille, read by soldiers in India and missionaries in China, and twice filmed by Hollywood. The world's judgment is partly right. We may be restive before the chintzy romanticism and bucolic innocence of Miss Montgomery's stories, but we are insensitive if we do not recognize the charm and the essential honesty of the best of this work within the limitations of its type. "Live under your own hat," a friend said to L. M. Montgomery; and she did. "I never expect to be famous," she once wrote, "I merely want to have

a recognized place among good workers in my chosen profession." This modest wish could easily be granted, and it is a pity that Miss Hilda M. Ridley, in *The Story of L. M. Montgomery* (Ryerson, xiv, 137 pp., $3.50), by trying to give her subject more than she wanted, gives her less. Beyond its reasonably pleasant style, the biography has little to recommend it. It is inadequately documented and relies much too heavily on the casual recollections of people who knew, perhaps only slightly, the author of the *Anne* books. No less irritating is Miss Ridley's insistence upon establishing the precocity of her subject and upon providing her with a reputable literary background. The best of the book is L. M. Montgomery herself, who appears all too seldom in excerpts from her journals. (R. L. McDougall)

Taking a bachelor's degree in music at Toronto in the 1930's and 1940's was as thoroughly English an experience as could be found anywhere in Canadian university life of the period. Thursdays you went in threes and fours to Healey Willan, who blew pipe smoke at you, told you witty anecdotes about English notables of the turn of the century, and called you "old man." Mondays you went in similar small convoys to Leo Smith, who stroked his white pencil-line moustache, caressed the piano keys, and called you "dear boy."

Both men were performers (Smith played the cello, Willan the organ) and of course composers as well. In fact Willan, warm and lovable personality that he was and is, had little interest, one felt, in teaching: his energies mostly went into his choir work and his prolific writing. On the other hand, Smith seemed born for the academic life. His lectures on music history were full of scholarly asides and rarely spoken above a murmur. His judgments on harmony exercises were expressed in aphorisms, often puzzling at the moment, some of which have attained a fair circulation. "Dear boy, make it more Schumannesque" is one I well recall. To understand what Smith meant by this, you had to see and hear those meanderings over the keyboard. A colleague once offended Smith by saying, quite sincerely, that his piano playing had some uncanny and enviable qualities of expression. One doesn't say things like that to one whose instrument is the cello: but in this case they were quite true.

Pearl McCarthy's *Leo Smith: A Biographical Sketch* (University of Toronto Press, x, 53 pp., $2.50) is of historical importance because, unless I am mistaken, it is the first volume ever to be devoted to an English-speaking musician in Canada. A book on Willan is certainly overdue, and one looks forward to a memoir of Sir Ernest MacMillan,

preferably written by himself. One thing to note about the present book is its extremely handsome appearance. The frontispiece, a line drawing of Smith made by Dora de Pedery Hunt, is really something to treasure, especially for those who knew the subject. The text covers Smith's career as orchestral musician, chamber-music player, performer on the viola da gamba, composer, author, critic (on the old *Conservatory Quarterly*, and, in his last years, on the *Globe and Mail*), and pedagogue. Smith's life as a teacher might perhaps have received more emphasis, but the author's viewpoint is that of a personal friend rather than a pupil or colleague. Miss McCarthy, art reviewer of the *Globe and Mail*, writes with style and polish, and with obvious affection. The social background of the teens and twenties of the present century in Toronto is attractively suggested.

A full list of the writings and compositions of Leo Smith is appended, the musical portion being laid out, curiously, "approximately in the order in which the composer liked his compositions." Many of the main items receive non-technical comment in the text.

The author sees Leo Smith as a "living link in the evolutionary growth of a young nation's culture," and says that in his music he "bridged the gap between the older orthodoxies and new idioms." In questioning the exactness of these evaluations, one does not wish to minimize Smith's role. He was certainly a link with the past: and this is something we all valued and honoured. We knew he had as a young man played in orchestras and chamber groups under Nikisch and Richter, Debussy, Delius, and Elgar, and had met the young Bela Bartok. However, while he was aware of the new idioms in our century's music and showed a certain open-mindedness towards them, Leo Smith in his own creative work remained an English composer of *circa* 1910. As Miss McCarthy neatly says, "yesterday's good hat" is not necessarily "today's old hat": one only wonders why she takes such pains to deny that it is yesterday's. Its savour of late romanticism in an English pastoral setting is precisely what is most valuable in the best of Smith's music. I am doubtful that it helped us bridge any gap: that was not its point. (JOHN BECKWITH)

IV

The Light and the Flame, edited by R. C. Chalmers and John A. Irving (Ryerson, xiv, 143 pp., $3.50), is a collection of seven essays on "Modern Knowledge and Religion" (the book's sub-title). The

contributors are two scientists, one social scientist, one philosopher, and three theologians. The chapters on "The Universe around Us" (Dr. Helen S. Hogg) and "Man in the Universe" (Dr. Archibald G. Huntsman) are lucid and informative. "Modern Psychology and Religion" (Principal W. S. Taylor) is a compact and balanced survey of a rather complicated theme. "Man and his Lack of Community" (Dr. Murray G. Ross) suggests various methods by which community life can be enriched, though its opening sentence, "Man in the modern urban community is socially impoverished, politically impotent, and spiritually all but dead" (p. 65), appears to this reviewer to be an overstatement. If the aim of the editors was to have a chapter on "significant developments during the last fifty years" in philopospy (p. vii), then the chapter on "Logical Analysis and Mysticism" (Professor John A. Irving) seems unduly restricted. The last two chapters deal with Christianity and current social philosophies (Professor J. W. Grant) and the Church's need for a constructive theology (Professor R. C. Chalmers). Altogether, this volume, while not epoch-making, is a courageous and informed effort to wrestle with a thorny subject.

Maritain on the Nature of Man in a Christian Democracy by Dr. Norah W. Michener (Hull, Editions "L'Eclair," xvi, 149 pp., $4.25) sets forth briefly and clearly some of the views of Jacques Maritain, the modern Roman Catholic philosopher who, by and large, may be described as a Thomist. After reviewing in chapter II some of the differences between Maritain and Bergson (the latter had lectured to Maritain in his student days), Dr. Michener deals with her main theme under the headings of "The Person as Rational," "The Person as Free," and "The Person as Social." Under the latter head there is an exposition of the goal of man in a "democratic society which is to be organic, pluralist, personalist, and theocentric" (p. 111). As Maritain often turns "to religious thought for the last word" (p. 53), and as he works within the framework of a divine revelation, of a Church which is the Roman Catholic Church, and of a religion which is Christianity, it is hardly to be expected that all his arguments and observations will be endorsed except by those who share his premises. It is not clear why some of Maritain should be quoted in French and some in English.

Body and Soul, by the Rev. Professor D. R. G. Owen (Westminster [Ryerson Press], 239 pp., $3.75) has as its sub-title, "A Study of the Christian View of Man." The author might have used the phrase "a Christian View," for as W. M. Horton's book *Christian Theology: An Ecumenical Approach* (1955) has reminded us, a rather large assort-

ment of beliefs are subsumed under the category of "Christian." Dr. Owen first examines the view held by many Christians that man is a soul-body combination, and he argues that this metaphysical dualism, which makes the body corruptible and the source of evil, is of Greek origin, and is at variance with the basic biblical conception of man. He then turns to modern science where he finds man looked upon as a psychosomatic organism of which the body and mind are two aspects. To these two Dr. Owen would add a third, "spirit." Man is "spirit" in so far as he is self-conscious: "he transcends nature in the sense that he is able to think about it and control it, to pursue deliberate purposes, to recognize authentic values, and to feel legitimate obligation" (p. 154). The third section of his work is entitled "The Biblical View of Man." Here the author has the support of the Old Testament and of parts of the New in claiming that man is an animated body, rather than, with much Greek philosophy, an incarnated soul. Man is an indivisible unity of body-mind-spirit, and "there is no detachable part of him that can survive death" (p. 196). Hence we have the Church's affirmation of the resurrection of the body. "It is the whole man, transformed into the image of God, who is destined for eternal life in the Kingdom" (p. 219).

Dr. Owen presents his case with lucidity and skill. He cannot, however, be credited with clearing up all the difficulties in his position. This can be illustrated by the relation of his views to the Christian hope of immortality. That man in this present life is a psychosomatic organism is clear enough, but it is equally clear what death does to his body. Whether anything survives the latter's end, and how and where it survives, we do not know, and nothing that Dr. Owen says really helps us. It is only religious faith that can posit such a survival. In such uncharted seas, it does not seem to greatly matter, in thinking about life after death, whether we choose to believe in an incorporeal mind-spirit, a "spiritual" body (as in I Cor. 15), or a resurrected physical body, for all three are equally unknown to us and equally difficult to conceive. It is instructive that Professor Owen's second last sentence runs, "Still, when all this has been said and all our investigations have been completed, man remains a mystery to himself" (pp. 220–1).

The Seekers by William A. Gifford (Boston, Beacon Press [S. J. Reginald Saunders], xiv, 306 pp., $4.50) is a curious book. The dust-cover describes it as "A Mirror for Orthodoxy," and the sub-title is "Why Christian Orthodoxy is Obsolete." The first quarter of this volume offers a brief account of the origin of religion as well as a survey of man's early religions, concluding with a treatment of the Greek philoso-

phers. The bulk of the work is essentially a condensation of the author's *The Story of the Faith* (1946), which is a history of the Christian Church in Europe. In the last two chapters some of the problems confronting present-day Christianity are examined. There is, however, in all this recital nothing that is new, and the thesis stated in the preface "that historic Christianity is passing away" (p. x) can hardly be considered to be sustained by the evidence submitted. The fact is that the author attempts to deal with far too many things within the space of a single volume.

Three books treat various aspects of the problem of unifying Christendom. *World Church: Achievement or Hope?* (Ryerson, viii, 51 pp., $1.25) by Professor J. B. Grant, offers a compressed but good treatment of the Ecumenical Movement within the Christian Church, a movement which in one sense began with an international missionary conference at Edinburgh in 1910. Since then numerous conferences have been held and various councils have been set up, culminating in the World Council of Churches of 1948. The general aim of all this effort is to recover the vision of a universal Church and to bring about some measure of co-operation and common Christian witness between various Christian communions. Unhappily the Roman Catholic Church has steadily refused to participate in these endeavours, as have certain Protestant Fundamentalists as well as the churches behind the Iron Curtain, so that the Movement almost from its inception has been rather severely handicapped. *Towards Christian Unity in Canada* (Montreal, Palm Publishers, iv, 184 pp., $3.00) by Irénée Beaubien, a French-Canadian Jesuit, presents the Roman Catholic approach to the problem of Christian unity. It is neatly summed up in the words which our author takes from C. Boyer, S.J.: "The only way of achieving the union of all Christians in one and the same Faith is the acceptance of the Catholic Faith by all non-Catholics" (p. 75). On pages 67–80 there is a very fair treatment of the Protestant Ecumenical Movement. The author is concerned, however, with what Canadian Roman Catholics should do about the Protestants who are separated from them. After a brief survey (pp. 13–28) of the various non-Catholics in Canada (on p. 15 "General Assembly" should be "General Council"), and in view of the alleged fact "that convinced devout Protestants are becoming fewer and fewer" (p. 27), Father Beaubien discusses various methods of presenting Roman Catholic truth to those who are outside the Fold (pp. 35–66). The book concludes with the recital of eleven case histories of recent converts to Roman Catholicism (pp. 83–168).

The Legislative Struggle for Church Union by Gershom W. Mason (Ryerson, viii, 162 pp., $4.00) is a succinct and, we may presume, an accurate account of the legislative aspects of the genesis of the United Church of Canada. The author was one of the two lawyers (the other being Mr. McGregor Young) chosen to prepare the legislation requisite for the legal unification of the Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches of Canada, a union which was finally consummated in 1925. The drafting of the legislation was in itself a highly complicated proceeding by reason of the variety of properties, funds, boards, etc., which each of the uniting churches had. When the necessary legislation was at length presented to both the Dominion Parliament and the various provincial legislatures in 1924, it encountered obstinate criticism and opposition from a minority of the Presbyterian Church (roughly a third of the membership) who were bitterly opposed to the whole idea of Union. The resulting debates, particularly in Ottawa and Toronto, were not edifying spectacles, but in the end most of the objectives of the Unionists were achieved.

The Christian Church in Canada by Professor H. H. Walsh (Ryerson, x, 355 pp., $6.50) has a somewhat misleading title, for it might not lead the reader to expect a history of the various churches in Canada from the sixteenth century to the period after World War II. This ecclesiastical history, particularly until the latter part of the nineteenth century, is only to be fully understood against the general history of Canada, and it is therefore anything but a simple tale. The author, however, handles this involved material very well indeed. His method is not to present the chronicle of the denominations seriatim, but rather to treat his theme chronologically. Thus chapter v is on "Church and State in New France," chapter ix, "The Loyalist Era," chapter xvi, "The Churches and Confederation," etc. Each chapter is concluded with the basic documentation and references. We might, perhaps, have looked for more attention to the religious orders in the life of Roman Catholicism. It could have been observed, in chapter xxi, that urban Protestantism appears to appeal increasingly to an almost middle-class constituency. An appendix, with statistics on the membership, clergy, etc., of the various denominations, would have been useful. On pages 193, 196, "Toronto University" should read "University of Toronto," and on page 196 "McMaster University at Hamilton" should be "McMaster University at Toronto and later at Hamilton." But these are all very minor points, and the work as a whole must be described as an excellent treatment of its subject.

Five books belong together in so far as they relate the Christian service of various institutions and individuals. The first is the story of one of the oldest Anglican parishes in Canada, and it is written by a former rector, the Rev. Canon A. E. E. Legge, its title being *The Anglican Church in Three Rivers, Quebec* (Quebec, the author, xvi, 191 pp., paper $2.35, cloth $3.00). While this is local history and rather severely ecclesiastical, the first three chapters covering the years down to 1856 have a good deal of general interest. The suppression by the British in 1763 of the male religious orders in French Canada and the seizure of their possessions, meant that in Three Rivers the chapel and monastery of the Recollets became the property of the Crown. Part of the chapel was thereafter used for Anglican services on Sundays, but it was not until 1823 that all of the former Recollet property was turned over to the Anglicans. In 1830 the chapel was formally consecrated as St. James' Church. A nice question, which the author does not raise, is, What effect on Catholic-Protestant relations in Three Rivers has the Anglican use of former Roman Catholic property had? *The Sisters of Charity, Halifax* (Ryerson, xxvi, 269 pp., $4.50) by Sister Maura (a professor of English) recounts the history of this Roman Catholic sisterhood which came to Halifax, in the persons of four sisters from New York, in 1849, and whose Mother House was formally established in that city in 1855. The order now numbers over fourteen hundred members scattered over five Canadian provinces and four American states. Their labours have been pre-eminently educational. Among other things they maintain their own normal school for the sisters, and have the distinction of operating the only degree-granting women's college in Canada (Mount St. Vincent College). They also have six hospitals spread across the Dominion. Theirs is altogether an impressive achievement, and it is clear that the women who have given leadership in the order have had unusual gifts. It must be said, however, that Sister Maura's recital of all this is unnecessarily cluttered up with innumerable details, biographical and otherwise, most of which are of no interest or importance. For instance we are told (on p. 104) that when the papal delegate visited the Mother House in June 1928, the programme in the Music Hall "consisted of Brahms' "Hungarian Dance" and Raff's "Tarentelle." . . . The delegate's secretary, who was a musician, praised the orchestral numbers highly." Bravo the secretary! *The Life and Work and Memoirs of the Most Reverend George Thorneloe* by the Rev. C. W. Balfour (Peterborough, the author, 112 pp., $2.00), is the life of an Anglican clergyman (1848–1935) who, after spending twenty-two years

in parish work in the province of Quebec, was consecrated Bishop of Algoma, Ontario, in 1897, and in 1915 was elected the Archbishop of Ontario. In 1926 he resigned from the latter post and the next year from the bishopric of Algoma. A Canadian, the son of Baptist missionary parents in India, who after his education in Canada returned in 1909 to the land of his birth to carry on his family's missionary tradition, is the subject of a biography, *John Bates McLaurin* by Professor Earl C. Merrick (Ryerson, 1955, x, 134 pp., $2.00). The author has succeeded in conveying to the reader something of the tremendous impression which J. B. McLaurin made on all whom he met. For thirty years he was a tower of strength to Baptist missions in India, particularly in educational enterprises. In 1939 he became general secretary of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission work, a post which he held until his death in 1952. A coloured porter in a railway station (later to become a Pullman attendant) does not seem a likely subject for a biography, but in *John Christie Holland* (Ryerson, xiv, 169 pp., $3.50) Jessie L. Beattie gives a very sympathetic sketch of a negro from Hamilton, Ontario, who until his death in 1954 enjoyed a great measure of public esteem in that city. John Holland, the son of an American negro who had escaped to Canada in 1860, had hopes of entering the Christian ministry, but these were perforce suspended because of family responsibilities. From 1916 he worked for the railway in Hamilton and studied in his spare time, but it was not until 1924 that he became a minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. It was, however, only in 1937 that he was made pastor of St. Paul's (later St. Paul's Stewart Memorial) Church in his native city. His ministry was uniquely successful, which explains why in 1954 a business club selected him as Hamilton's "Man of the Year." (W. S. McCULLOUGH)

V

This is the first year in which a sufficient number of books on education has appeared to warrant a section to themselves. It is a timely reminder of the central position occupied by education—and particularly by higher education—in the thinking of Canadians during the year of the Gordon Commission.

The establishing of such a section is misleading if it suggests that all books pertaining to education will be noticed therein. Education is such an all-embracing subject that most books which bear on public affair have implications for it. Professor Creighton's biography of John A

Macdonald is an example, particularly the first volume, which casts considerable light on the negotiations which led to the inclusion of Section 93 in the B.N.A. Act. The educational reference is often more direct. Donald Cameron's *Campus in the Clouds*, an account of the founding and expansion of the Banff School of Fine Arts, and C. T. Currelly's *I Brought the Ages Home*, a biography of the Royal Ontario Museum quite as much as an autobiography of its founder, are both important contributions to the history of Canadian education, but, for valid reasons, they are reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Or, to take another example, *Crestwood Heights*, by John R. Seeley, R. Alexander Sim, and Elizabeth W. Loosley (University of Toronto Press, viii, 505 pp., $6.50): in the geography of The Heights, it is the school which occupies the central position; and it is education which, in the final analysis, occupies the central position in the authors' conclusions. No book published in 1956 more forcibly poses the question: How sound are the principles and practices of Canadian education?

The basic subjects taught in schools of education are the Philosophy and History of Education, Educational Psychology, and Methodology. All the books considered here fall within the first category. By revealing the impossibility of separating the theory of education from its historical practice, each confirms the wisdom of those deans and principals who insist that the philosophy and history of education are one subject rather than two.

The title of Marjorie F. Campbell's *The Hamilton General Hospital School of Nursing 1890–1955* (Ryerson, xii, 172 pp., $4.50) suggests that it is history pure and undefiled, and it is, certainly, the chronicle which makes this book of obvious interest to all who have been, are, and will be connected with the Hospital whether as nurse, doctor, trustee, or citizen of Hamilton. The chronicle will also interest those who are professionally concerned with nursing education and hospital administration, for Mrs. Campbell, who has had access to very complete records and to the sharp memories of many of the nurses and doctors whose story she recounts, is able to present the detailed case-history of a particular hospital. But the true interest of this group will be philosophical rather than historical; they will read the case-history for the considerable light it throws upon the question: what is the ideal relationship between a hospital and a school of nursing? Mrs. Campbell, who is not a nurse, does not raise this question directly, but it is in the back of her mind and her account makes clear that the ideal was not realised at Hamilton during the period under review. The book has

little to offer the layman who does not live in Hamilton. It is Mrs. Campbell's misfortune that no striking personalities dominated the Hamilton General Hospital during the first sixty-five years of its existence to give her account wider interest.

G. P. Gilmour's *The University and its Neighbours* (Gage, 80 pp., $1.50) and C. E. Phillips' *Public Secondary Education in Canada* (Gage, 87 pp., $1.50) are the Quance Lectures for 1954 and 1955 respectively. They are companion volumes in more ways than one. Dr. Gilmour, whose chapter headings are "The University Looks at Itself: The Dilemma of its Nature" and "The University Looks Outside: The Nature of its Dilemma," is concerned with defining the problems which face a Canadian university in the middle of the twentieth century. Dr. Phillips is concerned with defining the problems which face a Canadian secondary school at the same moment in history. In both cases, the institution's dilemma arises from the conflict of inherited traditions and the demands of twentieth-century life; Dr. Gilmour's comment on the university could as aptly have been made by Dr. Phillips on the secondary school: "It wonders about what it ought to be and might be, seeing tendencies within itself that could defeat or dwarf it." It is this conflict, certainly, which gives rise to the contemporary problems which Dr. Gilmour chooses to discuss: the effect of universal education, the relation of vocational and liberal education, the question of academic freedom, and the demand for adult education. Dr. Gilmour's book could have been entitled "The Anomalies of Academic Inclusiveness."

Dr. Phillips' second (and final) chapter is entitled "The Anomalies of Academic Exclusiveness," and it is an argument that "scholarship is inappropriate as the major objective and incentive of general education for all." In his first chapter, by tracing the development of Canadian secondary schools in the nineteenth century, Dr. Phillips shows that the curriculum inherited by the twentieth century was designed for an intellectual élite. In his second chapter he argues—convincingly—that such a curriculum is beyond the powers of the vast majority of the students required to attend a high school in a democracy. Dr. Phillips, it must be emphasized, is not in favour of excluding scholarship from the secondary school;

> Let the academic point of view be assigned a place of dominance in the upper grades of the high school—as it is now, but more frankly and fully. In those grades academic education can be pure, undiluted, and hard enough for anyone. Let the concepts of modern general education prevail in the lower high school grades. Then at the level of universal general education

we might try to obtain in practice the values of traditional liberal education instead of fighting to retain its content and form. At the senior high school level we might try to evoke through traditional and technical content more of the life and energy displayed by pupils in junior high school grades.

Doubtless Dr. Phillips' solution of the secondary school problem would resolve many (though not all) of the difficulties which face Dr. Gilmour. But is Dr. Phillips' solution sound? Can students suddenly be introduced to scholarship at the age of 15 or 16? To convince Miss Neatby and her many supporters of this proposition, something more than an essay is required; what is required, indeed, is a thoroughly documented treatise. In the interim, Miss Neatby's supporters and her opponents will be well-advised to read both these stimulating essays.

Canadian Education Today: A Symposium (McGraw Hill, iii, 243 pp., $3.95) is not a symposium but a collection of twenty articles by as many authors on various aspects of Canadian education. It is edited—rather carelessly—by Joseph Katz: typographical errors and ungrammatical sentences abound, there are minor inaccuracies (on p. 243, for example, the National Conference of Canadian Universities is called the Canadian Conference of Universities) and there is one gross misstatement (p. 112):

> The province of Ontario has abolished grade designations in the elementary school. Pupils now spend three years in Division I and three in Division II. During the period in each division the pupil is grouped where he can do the best work of which he is capable; he is not promoted or retarded except at the end of the three year period.

The grade designations have not been abolished in Ontario and some pupils do fail in (for example) Grade 2. There are also contradictions within the text: Dr. Watson Kirkconnell's statement on page 207 that "the eight-year *collèges classiques* of French Catholic Quebec will be dealt with elsewhere in this volume" is not justified; his is the only reference to *collèges classiques*, a statement which can be confirmed only by reading the entire book—for there is no index. Nor is there a bibliography, surely a *sine qua non* in a book of this type. Half the articles, moreover, are so badly organized and so fuzzily written as to supply one explanation for the inadequacies of student writing—what can we expect of the students if the teachers of the teachers express themselves in such a careless fashion?

Dr. Katz, however, is to be congratulated on conceiving the idea of a book which would present a general view of Canadian education today and on obtaining the collaboration of a number of distinguished con-

tributors. A. R. M. Lower's opening chapter, "Education in a Growing Canada," is a thoughtful, even-tempered, often witty essay—philosophic in tone, constructive in effect. S. N. F. Chant's "A Canadian Education" is a masterly synthesis of the many disparate strands which constitute the subject, and the same may be said of N. A. M. MacKenzie's treatment of "The Work of the Universities." There are excellent chapters by W. D. McDougall ("Elementary Education"), Frank MacKinnon ("Government and Education") and David Munroe ("Professional Organizations in Canadian Education"). The most lively articles are by Watson Kirkconnell ("The Humanities") and C. B. Conway ("The Physical and Biological Sciences"). For many readers, Conway's chapter, which throws an entirely new light on the position of the individual sciences in the schools, will prove the most stimulating section of the book.

Kirkconnell's, however, is the key chapter for his fellow contributors and for professional educators generally; his is the one dissenting voice in a general chorus, a chorus which assures us that Canadian education today is in a healthy state. The strongest impression one gains from this series of articles is a sense of complacency, a feeling that though problems exist they will soon be removed and we will all live happily ever after. This feeling is less apparent in the articles by the university men—Chant, Lower, MacKenzie, MacKinnon (W. E. Blatz is an exception)—than in those by the "professional educators"—the Department of Education officials and the professors of education; indeed, a difference in point of view between the university and the schools is the second major impression one receives from *Canadian Education Today*. It is perhaps symptomatic of this complacency that none of the contributors comes to grips with the most important problem now facing Canadian educators: the vexed question of federal-provincial relations. The matter is referred to in half-a-dozen articles, but nowhere is it squarely faced: and if this problem was avoided, were there others that were as carefully set aside? We all find it so much easier to describe a situation than to analyse it. In this atmosphere, then, Kirkconnell's final paragraph comes as a salutary shock:

> On would feel more confident as to the future if more of our educational experts had ideals and objectives that were fundamentally human. Job security and well-adjusted mediocrity in a mass population are not good enough. An evaluation of pupils not on a basis of mental competence but on a basis of dossiers of observed attitudes (school, street and home) savours of the police state as well as arrogating to the prying teacher the functions of home.

church, community and Almighty God. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that Canada's children are more than lambs to be conditioned into unfrustrated happiness in the docile flock of a democratic welfare state. I have faith that a far greater proportion of them than is sometimes conceded are capable, under discipline and with genuine hard work, of the liberation and enlightenment that the unadulterated humanities can yield. They are not merely potential citizens and employees but immortal souls with a spiritual destiny. We shall do them wrong in a world of incessant tension and incredible evil if we nurture them up to the threshold of maturity in a cushioned existence, competing only with their own individual capacity and prone to assume that this Garden of Eden will continue for ever.

On the basis of the evidence presented, this is clearly a minority view among Canadian educators today.

The most substantial of the five books on education which appeared in 1956 is unquestionably Franklin A. Walker's *Catholic Education and Politics in Upper Canada* (Dent, xii, 331 pp., $3.00). Subtitled "A Study of the Documentation Relative to the Origin of Catholic Elementary Schools in the Ontario School System," it is an expansion of the history of the beginnings of the separate school movement which Dr. Walker and Mr. Donald Rohr prepared for the Catholic members of the Hope Commission and which was included in the Commission's Report. In a sense, it is a book with a thesis: it seeks to disprove Ryerson's widely accepted view that the Roman Catholic insistence on separate schools was not a native growth but an importation of the 1850's. Yet Dr. Walker, whose first loyalty as a historian is to objective truth, does not press the thesis. He is content to let the record reveal what it must. He ensures, however, that the record is as complete as possible; perhaps half his space is given over to lengthy quotations from his principal sources—letters, newspaper reports and editorials, Ryerson's annual reports. As it happens, the documentary evidence is much less complete before 1850 than after, and it is principally for this reason that the thesis remains in doubt. But there is a second reason, an outcome of the very full documentation of the period 1850–1867. Dr. Walker's book is aptly titled: his sources make it abundantly clear that politics quite as much as educational or religious theory decided the fate of the separate school movement.

Dr. Walker's book would be an excellent text for any course in the History and Philosophy of Education offered in Canada. It reveals the intimate relation of the two "subjects"; it raises all the great issues—the relation of church and state, the relative importance of intellectual and moral training, the responsibility of parent, teacher, government;

and it is a model of historical scholarship. Its adoption, moreover, would expose students not only to Dr. Walker's own competent prose style but to the vigorous and precise phrasing of Ryerson, Brown, the MacDonalds, Charbonnel, Power, and the editors of the Catholic press. To turn to these gentlemen after a diet of *Canadian Education Today* is to emerge from fog into the clear light of day. (ROBIN S. HARRIS)

VI

In the spring of 1948 Colonel Stacey published his preliminary official historical summary, *The Canadian Army 1939–1945*. The larger and more complete record is now being published under his direction. The first volume, which he wrote himself, appeared late in 1955, and it included a detailed survey of the Army's organization along with an account of training and operations in Canada, Britain, and the Pacific during the whole period of the war. Lt.-Col. G. W. L. Nicholson, the Deputy Director of the Historical Section, has now presented the second volume, *The Canadians in Italy, 1943–1945* (Ottawa, Queen's Printer, xvi, 807 pp., $3.50). In it he has told the story of the Canadian share in the Italian campaign. The third volume will describe the campaign in Northwest Europe, and the fourth will deal with military policies which involved co-operation with Commonwealth and Allied powers in the broad field of strategy and political policy. The entire record is "directed primarily to the general reader, and particularly to the Canadian reader who wishes to know what the Canadian Army accomplished and why its operations took the course they did."

The volume on the campaign in Italy is obviously written with this weighty purpose firmly in the author's mind. The result is a commendable attempt to appeal to national pride and demonstrate von Vietinghoff's admission that "though not strong in numbers, the Canadians are right good soldiers." There is certainly no lack of detail on that very interesting, but rather touchy problem of getting us into the field first of all, and of getting us there in one piece. Ever since Sir Sam Hughes literally turned his back on Lord Kitchener's order to allocate Canadian troops to British field units in the First World War, we have been determined to assert our identity in the field. After describing the background of the Allied decision to invade Sicily, the author expresses this determination quite well. With what might appear somewhat wry humour to veterans, he even notes the fear of the home front that inactivity and anxiety would make neurotics out of their troops stationed

in Britain. The question of morale in an official history is handled officially, and therefore, not always accurately. The desire, however, expressed at higher levels, to get on with the war and to get on with it together was the desire of the bulk of Canadians who were still "somewhere in England."

Once the account of the invasion of Sicily begins, the writer appears to be conscientiously aware that the official historian can write a great deal on a campaign without telling the reader much about what actually happened to the participants. It may be hardly fair to criticize him on this count, for he obviously makes excellent use of regimental diaries, letters, and even telephone conversations. He also tries to recreate, although it always has to be done in general terms, the moods, comforts, and discomforts of the troops. But the foreground of the soldier's life consists of food, drink, guns, and equipment with a hazy background of generals and staff officers. The position of the haze is reversed for the general who calls it the "fog of battle." It is significant that the author usually finds himself looking over the general's shoulder and implicitly suggesting that what was achieved was always the result of what was planned. Only in a few instances, notably Ortona, does he mention that dislocation of plans and objectives which is so much a part of front-line tactics.

It is understandable that an official history should speak from the general's point of view, but the other point of view might have been noticed as a tribute to one of the finest characteristics of the Canadian soldier. This is not to say that Canadian troops were the victims of bad planning, but rather that they excelled in tactical originality. For they frequently accomplished what the best planning could not have done, and might even have prevented, if plans had been interpreted too rigidly. Their independence, in the best sense, is not given the emphasis it deserves. One of the German divisional commanders is recorded to have remarked on our superiority in fieldcraft, but this is merely one expression of our habit of interpreting, rather than depending on, plans and textbooks. A happy illustration of this habit of mind which was aided and developed by the spirit of the Eighth Army was the success of infantry-tank co-operation. The effect of being in the Eighth Army itself was a most congenial part of the campaign for our troops whose characteristics were used to the best advantage by Montgomery. As the author remarks, the co-operation between its different races was remarkably satisfactory, partly because, like the meeting with the Indian divisions, it was "something to talk about later."

Within the limitations of an official reconstruction of the campaign, the author has produced a readable file of data. The maps are excellent and abundant. The credit given the various units is balanced and fair. The use made of captured German documents is skilfully reassuring to the Canadian reader both in the praise they contain of the enemy they are up against and in the weaknesses they disclose in their own intelligence service. To the expert, the volume will prove a valuable textbook, while it is still not too technical for the general reader. The accounts of the preparations and planning which preceded the field operations are well documented. Finally, it most certainly succeeds in what would seem to be its main aim: to give the Canadian public a sense of almost unqualified achievement from the political, strategic, and tactical points of view. (P. F. FISHER)

Seven other books have been received, representing the three approaches chiefly favoured by Canadians writing, since 1945, about war or problems connected with war. Four volumes share an emphasis on event, on "what happened." Dr. W. R. Feasby's *Official History of the Canadian Medical Services*, volume I (Queen's Printer, xii, 568 pp., $5.00) and Colonel Nicholson's study, *Marlborough and the War of the Spanish Succession* (Queen's Printer, vi, 168 pp., 75¢), while differing in scope, are relatively formal and factual accounts of past history. Both authors are quite at home in "the cool element of prose," and manage their material firmly, with a proper respect for the traditions of official military history. Dr. Feasby conducts us in an orderly fashion through matters of medical organization and operation during the war years (this volume is entitled *Organization and Campaigns*), with attention to the special problems of each service (although the Navy is dismissed in eleven pages); he concludes with some useful tables and charts to illustrate the growth and administration of Canada's wartime medical services. "Lessons learned" are made explicit chiefly in those chapters concerned with the R.C.A.F.; for the most part, Dr. Feasby elsewhere allows these matters to suggest themselves in the course of the narrative. Relevant paintings by Canadian war artists are supplemented by photographs, and by a generous assortment of Captain Bond's wonderful maps. Colonel Nicholson's study, a less ambitious affair, is a straightforward and very successful monograph, designed perhaps primarily for Canadian staff officers. Its sub-title might be: "The Principles of War: Their Use and Abuse"; and these principles are gravely italicized at appropriate points. Nicholson stresses Marlborough's mastery of strategical manœuvre as well as his tactical genius. Yet the author is

evidently interested in his story as dramatic event; scholarly technique never submerges a talent for lucid narrative. Under his hand these rather stately encounters come to life. Maps are again by Bond.

"What happened" is the primary concern also of two less formal works: *The Men Who Came Back*, by Walter Woods (Ryerson, viii, 175 pp., $4.00), and S. A. Flatt's *History of the Sixth Field Company, Royal Canadian Engineers* (New Westminster, B.C., the author, xiv, 141 pp.). Mr. Woods, Deputy Minister of Veterans' Affairs from 1944 to 1950, centres a somewhat chatty autobiography on the theme of rehabilitation for Canadian veterans, in the light of his experience as soldier and administrator in Canada's two major wars. Mr. Flatt adds another to the lengthening list of unit histories: this one is clear and complete, amusingly illustrated with sketches, and provided with excellent maps. Neither volume, frankly, has much literary merit. Mr. Flatt, however, has at least fulfilled the promise of the title of his book. Mr. Woods's narrative is chiefly about Mr. Woods. And yet what happened to him was, evidently, exciting: the exasperating thing is that, for some reason, he dwells on trivialities and passes quickly by those experiences about which we would like to know more. *The Men Who Came Back* too often bogs down in banal detail. Could not Mr. Woods collect and publish his memories of youth in Yorkshire and early years in Canada? Those parts of his narrative are lively and readable; they might well make a valuable contribution to Canadian letters.

Charles Comfort's narrative of wartime experience, *Artist at War* (Ryerson, xviii, 187 pp., $4.95) is less concerned with "what happened" than with how what happened looked and felt. He deals primarily, not in event, but in image. Indeed he frankly admits to a preference, on occasion, for "rumours and colourful fantasies" rather than cold fact—in order "to recapture the quality of feeling experienced at the time." The results are good. Comfort's manner is informal, impressionistic, personal, nostalgic. The book is not keyed to the march of events, but to persons, places, moods. Nature is insistently present: "pastoral" is a favourite term with this author, and no battle scene takes place on a bare stage. Comfort communicates the sensory and emotional quality of his experience with considerable effect, particularly in his account of the Ortona battle. It seems too bad that only one of the dozen or so of his paintings included could be reproduced in colour.

Finally, two books share an emphasis on principle, or idea. General Burns's *Manpower in the Canadian Army, 1939–1945* (Clarke, Irwin, xiv, 184 pp., $3.50) is concerned with a specific problem; the other,

Men in Arms, by R. A. Preston, S. F. Wise, and H. D. Werner (Frederick A. Praeger [Burns & MacEachern], xvi, 376 pp., $7.50) takes under consideration a far wider range of military history. Both, however, recount past event (taking account also of complementary emotional stresses) in analytical terms; these authors attempt to clarify the significance of "what happened," and to suggest ways in which present and future generations may profit by the study of military history, or episodes from that history.

General Burns's graceful and informed reviews of military books in various Canadian publications are known to a wide public. Here he turns instead to the Madison Avenue technique of the "hard sell," adopting a rather more clipped and (one might say) "scientific" approach, and buttressing his argument with a great number of statistical tables, charts, and appendices. There is also, in the manner of school-lecturers, a continuous effort to sum up and correlate successive stages of the argument; this sometimes becomes a little tedious, although it reflects the author's care and attention to detail. After a few opening minute-guns, General Burns's salvo begins in earnest with chapter VI; the barrage then zeroes in on four major targets, i.e., primary reasons for the failure of the Canadian Army (in the General's view) to mobilize its manpower as efficiently as might have been the case. These are: (*a*) the excessive strengths of reinforcement training establishments in Canada; (*b*) the failure of C.M.H.Q., in spite of suggestive warning signs, to anticipate the high infantry casualty rate; (*c*) the failure to introduce compulsory service without geographical limitation at a sufficiently early stage; (*d*) the continued maintenance, based on out-of-date preconceptions, of a large reserve army in Canada. Of these, the first two are apparently considered to be essentially "administrative" failings, the others "political" (see p. 138). General Burns, incidentally, does not make these strictures in the spirit of a Monday-morning quarterback: he freely admits qualifying factors in every case. His attempt to work out, on the basis of his criticisms, a formula by which to calculate Canada's maximum military force, is not entirely successful; indeed General Burns grants "the very limited validity of such forecasts," in the light of changing military conditions. But his main point, "that the major waste of manpower was not in the casualties incurred in battle, but in extravagant use of men for administrative purposes," is well documented; and perhaps most strikingly so by the introduction of tables which appear to show, in conjunction with the text, that not only the British Army but also (*mirabile dictu*) the plush Americans

managed to allocate fighting and non-fighting troops in combat areas more efficiently than did their Canadian counterparts.

Men in Arms is, essentially, a text-book of military history. But its sub-title indicates the real scope of the volume: "A History of Warfare and of its Interrelationship with Western Society." That is certainly a staggering theme; and one which cannot be thoroughly canvassed in 340 pages of text—as the Preface quickly grants. Nevertheless, the authors have done a remarkable job of sensible selection and compression, bringing to their task an enthusiasm and scholarly competence characteristic of their work. The bibliography indicates that they have "swum through libraries"; classicists, historians, and chemists have been called in for consultation. Among the principles of war, the book itself clearly illustrates Co-Operation, Concentration, Simplicity of Plan. The principle of Selection and Maintenance of Aim is, within limits, steadily kept in view. What Quincy Wright calls the "psychological" and "ideological" approaches to war are not much in evidence; the authors stress, rather, "technological" and especially "sociological" approaches. Since their theme is "the interrelationship of warfare and society in the west," and since the book is not intended to be a definitive study of war, clearly an approach emphasizing the process, significance, or value of war under varying cultural and historical conditions must be primary. The authors' grasp of their subject ensures Security of Forces. The very existence of a first-rate work of such range in the field of Canadian letters is a Surprise, the result of Offensive Action. That the authors have anticipated most of the criticism likely to be made here demonstrates their Flexibility, although the Confederate officers periodically displaced from command by the free election of their troops (until late 1863) might have been surprised by the implication (pp. 243–44) that democracy marked the North's conduct of the war, autocracy that of the South.

In the Introduction and in chapter I, which deal specifically with the principles of war and with "warfare and society," two contrasting theories are in evidence. One is a theory of progress: "The study of the place of warfare in society and of the impact upon it of social and technical developments in the past can help us to speculate more fruitfully upon this, the greatest of all human problems." Earlier, it is asserted that the principles of war were "discovered" by soldiers and military historians "within the last half century"; and that "only slowly is it becoming understood that an army cannot stand aloof from the rest of the community." These statements, implying as they do a meliorist atti-

tude, are balanced by some sort of cyclical theory hovering behind the scenes, reflecting (it seems) a rather grim changelessness in human affairs. Thus: "Through the centuries, the forces moving towards totality on the one hand and towards limitation on the other have been roughly in balance with a tendency first to one side and then to the other"; the principles of war are described as apparently "permanent despite changing conditions." Again, "It is still impossible to find any significant difference between wars which are legal or just and those which are illegal or unjust." These views may well be compatible, but they are not clearly correlated here. The statement, "Only by much reading can the mind of the future commander be trained" (since battles and mock-battles are "too few to provide the necessary experience") seems curiously phrased. True commanders who were relatively unlettered in military matters have surely been rather numerous? Machiavelli, full of military theory, was sure he knew how to run a war, or part of it; but the event surprised him. Jackson preferred lemons to the *Maxims* of Napoleon. Lawrence read all the books; but said at last "too many books," and fought a text-book battle only as a kind of practical joke. But perhaps the authors, whose text is certain to be read widely in military institutions, are merely confirming once more the chant of the badgered professor: "*Read* your assignments." Certainly *Men in Arms* is a thorough job of work—and a good book too. No doubt it will be "as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." (HUGH N. MACLEAN)

VII

The list of Canadian books on the visual arts was headed this year by one excellent offering: *European Paintings in Canadian Collections: Earlier Schools* by Dr. R. H. Hubbard, Chief Curator of the National Gallery of Canada (Oxford University Press, xxvi, 154 pp., $7.50). While this is a Canadian publication, the printing was done in Great Britain, an arrangement which resulted in a much more perfect production than Canadian printers of art books seem as yet able to achieve.

Dr. Hubbard opens his survey with an essay on the history of picture collecting in Canada. It is a sign of changing times that fifty or so years ago this country had many more private collectors of old masters than it has today. In fact, our new millionaires simply do not have a taste for spending their money in this way. It is only through constant purchasing by the National Gallery of Canada and, to a lesser degree, by

the public galleries in Toronto and Montreal that our cultural store of paintings of the past is being maintained and increased.

The outstanding recent acquisitions have been 12 works, purchased in the past few years from the Prince of Liechtenstein by the National Gallery of Canada. These are all illustrated and described; in fact, one of them, Memling's "The Virgin and Child with Saint Anthony and a Donor," is reproduced as a full-page colour plate, a place of honour which it fully deserves.

The detailed notes on the 58 paintings illustrated are supplemented by a check-list of selections of other old masters in Canada. This is not intended to be complete, as many paintings in lesser known collections have not yet been examined closely enough by Dr. Hubbard and other experts to enable their attributions to be verified. Such caution is exemplary, for the present attributions of even some fairly well-known works in public collections are not always agreed to by all the experts; two instances where there is still some conflict of judgment are the Botticelli "Two Children" and the Chardin "Still Life," both illustrated in this book.

An attempt to delve deeply into advanced studies on the origin of certain old master paintings has been made by Ruth Massey Tovell in an elaborate and expensively produced treatise, *Roger van der Weyden and the Flémalle Enigma* (Burns & MacEachern, xx, 60 pp., $12.50), which subject, however, has taken this writer out of her depth. It is a problem which has divided the best of authorities into two camps; the question is whether a group of important Flemish paintings, labelled as by the "Maître de Flémalle," were actually done by van der Weyden or were done instead by his early teacher, Robert Campin. She adds nothing precise to clarify the existing hypotheses.

What was a laudable effort, to record the story of water-colour painting in Canada, an art in which we have many practitioners, has not been as successful as it might have been in the book *Canadian Water Colour Painting* by Paul Duval (Burns & MacEachern, 1954, unnumbered, $7.50), because of the uninspired design of the book itself and the poor quality, on the average, of the reproductions. The text he has written is a factual survey, mainly of names and dates, accompanied by brief comments on the technique of the artists mentioned. He gives adequate space to the early topographers, often English army officers on tour of duty in Canada, and not enough to some of our most contemporary and best masters of this medium, namely, J. L. Shadbolt and Jean-Paul Riopelle.

Two books which are related to some degree, although not at first

glance, are *I Brought the Ages Home* by Dr. C. T. Currelly (Ryerson, xx, 312 pp., $6.00), and *Bronze Culture of Ancient China* by William Charles White (University of Toronto Press, xviii, 219 pp., $10.00). The first is the rambling exuberant autobiography of the man who was Canada's most avaricious (in the public interest) collector of archaeological treasures. The other is a much more scholarly treatise on a number of bronze objects, from cooking utensils to weapons, owned by the Royal Ontario Museum and, for the most part, found for them by the author, who was once the Anglican Bishop of Honan in China.

While he was not the only source of help, Bishop White certainly gave Currelly great aid in building up that storehouse of Chinese art which is now the pride of the Royal Ontario Museum. Much of this was bought in the days of civil war in China, when the land was ravaged and the monks were forced to sell their temple treasures for food. It may be that some of the most priceless items, including whole walls complete with murals, should never have left their native shrines, but when chaos and hunger rule a land, who is to say what is right and wrong?

In his autobiography Currelly tells how, with the help at times of Toronto millionaires, at times with funds from the Ontario government, he managed to amass thousands of archaeological items, some of which were artistic treasures, from all centuries and all continents. Finally the mass of crates became so great that the province was, in a sense, forced to build the Royal Ontario Museum in order to enable its curators to sort out the true riches from the chaff, and so finally to display the best works to the public. This book should prove engrossing to the general reader who will be carried with amazement through the story of the ransacking of the storehouses of the past by this indefatigable man. A graduate of Victoria College and son of Methodist Ontario, his early interest in archaeology was linked to his interest in the church and in the Bible, and he studied and collected with a kind of evangelical fervour.

The interest a few of our larger business corporations are now giving to the promotion of both Canadian art and Canadiana is exemplified by *Sam Slick in Pictures* (Ryerson, xx, 205 pp., $4.00), which contains the collection of illustrations done by the late C. W. Jefferys for Haliburton's well-known book about the Yankee pedlar in Nova Scotia. This collection is now owned by Imperial Oil Limited. One wonders, however, why, after such trouble was taken to reproduce all these drawings for *Sam Slick*, the publishers then only accompanied each drawing with a synopsis of the incident concerned or, at most, a brief quotation

from Haliburton's own text. A complete new illustrated edition of *Sam Slick* would have seemed to have been more in order.

The visual arts are only one aspect of the work of the Banff School of Fine Arts, which Donald Cameron describes in *Campus in the Clouds* (McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 127 pp., $3.00). At the moment, besides classes in painting and fine crafts, the school gives equal attention to drama and ballet dancing. There are also, from time to time, highly miscellaneous courses such as short-story writing and French conversation. This book is in the nature of a complete report by the director who has done so much to promote the growth of this institution. As his survey shows, the school is becoming more and more a general college on an extension-class level rather than a summer art school; as more and more permanent buildings are erected, this trend is bound to become intensified. (D. W. BUCHANAN)

VIII

With the exception of Harry Symons' *The Orange Belt Special* (Thomas Nelson, xiv, 210 pp., $3.50), the humorous books of 1956—as of 1955—are based on material which appeared earlier in newspaper or magazine. It is a pity that Symons' account of the adventures of two undergraduates in Florida during the First World War was not also submitted to public test before appearing between hard covers. It lacks both form and substance.

But there are also drawbacks to the practice of basing a book on material already published, and these are illustrated in Bruce West's *A Change of Pace* (University of Toronto Press, x, 158 pp., $3.50) and Kenneth M. Wells's *By Jumping Cat Bridge* (Heinemann [British Book Service], 268 pp., $3.50). West's fifty "pieces," a selection from some 2,000 columns written for the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, are each 3 to 3½ pages in length; Wells's forty-eight "sketches," originally published in the Toronto *Telegram*, invariably occupy 4 to 4½ pages. Uniformity is one of the ingredients of monotony. More important, the space limitations which circumstance has forced upon the authors prevent them from achieving momentum; the effects which they can achieve are, therefore, severely limited.

Within their restricted range, both books are consistently amusing and occasionally wise. West is ostensibly the town mouse, Wells the country mouse; where West recounts the complications of life in the city, Wells continues his chronicle of life *Up Medonte Way* (1951), at *The Owl Pen* (1948), *By Moonstone Creek* (1949). But it is really

West who is of the country and Wells who is of the town. West's strength is a country-bred sensitivity; his best pieces, including the justly celebrated "Spirit of Christmas," are a nostalgic application of this sensitivity to urban phenomena. Wells's position is converse; his acute perceptions of the tragic and comic in rural life are made possible by the contrast afforded by his years in the town. Both are essentially visitors to the scenes they portray, the best type of visitor, it must be added—friendly, but critical. The "Letters in Canada" reviewer of Wells's *Up Medonte Way* suspected that with three books Wells had probably exhausted his theme. The suspicion appears to be unfounded. While no improvement on its predecessors, the text of *By Jumping Cat Bridge* is quite as good; Lucille Oille's illustrations are more charming than ever.

The literary forms adopted by John Tait (short story), Robert Thomas Allen (semi-fictional autobiography) and B. K. Sandwell (sketch and essay) permit of larger effects than can be achieved by the newspaper column. Tait succeeds in drawing a full-length portrait of a morally stern but thoroughly canny Scotswoman in *Grandma Takes a Hand* (Ryerson, viii, 155 pp., $3.75), a collection of stories based on the author's childhood in Scotland at the turn of the century. The stories are amusing, the idiom is true, and the characters less sentimentally drawn than Adrian Dingle's coy illustrations will suggest. However, it is not nearly as funny a book as Allen's *The Grass is Never Greener* (McClelland & Stewart, 204 pp., $3.50), and principally because the latter is a single story rather than a collection of tales. Allen's sub-title, "The Hilarious Adventures of a Family in Search of the Perfect Place to Live," is a reasonably accurate description. A genuine town mouse, Allen has a fine eye for the ridiculous, considerable narrative powers, and no inclination to produce a laugh on every page. Paul Galdone's illustrations complement the text.

But if Allen's is the funniest of the 1956 offerings, B. K. Sandwell's is the wittiest and the wisest. *The Diversions of Duchesstown and Other Essays* (Dent, xii, 84 pp., $2.50) is a physically slender book containing three narrative sketches, two short poems, and eight essays; nonetheless it well illustrates both the variety of Sandwell's writing and its distinctive quality. For, whether in "diversion," poem, or essay, the same spirit pervades each page, an urbanity that derives from the perspective afforded by the study of history and the humility provided by the study of men. The essays in particular show that the liberal humanist of conservative temper and the robust conservative of the Burke tradition are the same man. Robertson Davies is the editor of this post-

humous volume, and his introduction, a delightful and perceptive tribute to an important Canadian man of letters, unintentionally reminds us that Sandwell's urbanity has been passed on. (ROBIN S. HARRIS)

SOCIAL STUDIES: I

Alexander Brady

During the last quarter-century the economic foundations of Canada's nationhood have been diligently explored in numerous articles and monographs. An attempt to synthesize these special studies now appears under the joint authorship of W. T. Easterbrook and Hugh G. J. Aitken, *Canadian Economic History* (Macmillan of Canada, xiv, 606 pp., $6.50). The authors declare that their main interest is organization—the organization of the national economy and the individual business. Actually their interest is wider. They are concerned, as reflective historians must be, with interrelationships, and show high competence in tracing and assessing them. They ride no special thesis, give no explicit provocation, and break no controversial lances. They write with a fine urbanity and good sense, recognizing the complicated interplay of the varied influences that bear on economic development. Their work perhaps might best be viewed as a clear mapping of the economic territory of Canadian history, the most complete and lucid yet published. In this mapping they are concerned, not with mere contours, but with the deep and underlying forces which shape the contours. It need scarcely be added that their book has relevance for students of all aspects of Canadian society.

Like other historians they begin with the fact that the Canadian economy has been an extension of the European, and that the ambitions of states in the Old World, as well as the techniques of their people, determined its course. Its main impetus came from across the sea. They admit that political ambitions and strategy influenced the genesis and progress of this economic development, but in proceeding they unostentatiously and yet emphatically subordinate the political to the economic. Some readers may question whether in this respect their performance is not too smooth. At any rate, in later sections they pay scant attention to the personalities, ideas, and customary landmarks of political life. William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Joseph Papineau are ignored. The winning of responsible government is implied but not mentioned. The "age of King" gets no sentence, let alone a headline. Indeed the term would be patently irrelevant, since, although Mackenzie King might nominally direct Canadian policy for twenty-two years, his presence

made no manifest impression upon the wheat economy and its vicissitudes, the new industrialism in Quebec and Ontario, the technology of power generation, or even—a fact more disturbing to King's eulogists—the upward thrust of organized labour. In King's day the economy was responding to forces long in operation, and on them the politician's influence was likely to be peripheral. Some statesmen, of course, are mentioned for their very special part in designing the politico-economic framework of the country, or for significant measures related to it. A notable case, for evident reasons, is Sir John A. Macdonald. Laurier is cited once in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, but the name of his rival Borden is ignored. Bennett, whose harsh fate it was to rule in Ottawa during the acute years of a depression, is an absentee. By contrast, the names of railway builders are plentiful.

We note these points not to complain but to illustrate. They serve to show the distinct differences in perspective between this and the usual history. To Messrs. Easterbrook and Aitken the individual actors who dominate so much of the front stage in the ordinary history dwindle to diminutive figures or disappear entirely. These authors are absorbed in the interaction of economic forces, which usually submerge individuals in the mass. Although they would admit that no rigid partitions exist between the economic and political sectors of an evolving society, they are interested simply in the economic. They steer away from any general and facile thesis on the extent to which the economic sectors determine other phases in Canadian development. On this matter they leave the reader free to speculate. They lead him to no conclusions, although they may certainly tempt him to draw deductions.

A book so wide in range as *Canadian Economic History* will hardly satisfy all readers that every aspect of the theme receives its due. Some, for example, may inquire why agriculture, except wheat cultivation in the West, gets such very slight attention in the years after Confederation, to which a third of the book is devoted. How was it responding in Ontario and Quebec to the advance of industrialism? How did it affect, if at all, this advance? Are we to assume that it is almost ignored because it ceased to be a dynamic factor for the whole economy? The inquisitive reader may want to extend this interrogation, but he must not be ungenerous. In 580 pages of text the authors already answer so many major questions that they leave us heavily in their debt.

It is a happy coincidence that with the appearance of this general economic history, two other volumes which contribute significantly to the subject are issued in new editions, *The Fur Trade in Canada: An*

Introduction to Canadian Economic History by the late Harold A. Innis (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 463 pp., $8.50), and *The Empire of the St. Lawrence: A Study in Commerce and Politics* by Donald Creighton (Macmillan of Canada, x, 441 pp., $7.50). *The Fur Trade in Canada*, first published in 1930, soon established itself as a pioneer work, illustrating with abundant evidence the role of the fur trade in staking out the territorial basis of the modern nation. Here are scrutinized the influences of geography, the relation between the culture of the Indian and the extension of European power, the adaptation of the Indian to commercial needs, the effect of overhead costs in transforming the fur trade from competition to monopoly, and the intrusion of new techniques with the advances of Western civilization. Students of Canadian economic history will still find this book fertile in suggestions. The present handsome edition, ably edited by Mary Quayle Innis with the aid of Professors S. D. Clark and W. T. Easterbrook, is a revision of the original on the basis of numerous notes accumulated for many years by the author before his death. *The Empire of the St. Lawrence*, first published in 1937 as *The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence, 1760–1850*, has been out of print for some years. The former text is here reproduced with a new one-page preface. Donald Creighton followed the same trail as Harold Innis. For him also the structure of trade, created to satisfy European needs and shaped in Canada by geography and resources, was the underpinning of the empire of the St. Lawrence, which in turn was the foundation of modern Canada. But unlike his co-worker he shifted the emphasis from economics to politics, from the dominance of physical environment to the clash of interest groups, from the involved fluctuations of commerce to the political alignments within the trading area. Thus *The Empire of the St. Lawrence* is primarily valued in historical literature for the illuminating light it sheds upon the political passions and contests of the Canadas in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Another important volume of the present year is *Essays in Canadian Economic History* by Harold A. Innis, edited by Mary Q. Innis (University of Toronto Press, viii, 418 pp., $8.50). It consists of twenty-eight essays, all previously published but not always accessible, gathered from many sources, written at different times and for different purposes, and ranging widely in theme, from the first in 1929 on "The Teaching of Economic History in Canada" to such later topics as "The Political Implications of Unused Capacity," "The Church in Canada," and "Great Britain, the United States, and Canada." Some of the essays were

originally prepared to be read as papers before learned societies and published in learned journals; others were delivered as public lectures. Consequently they differ much in close argument and compact analysis. The articles for the learned journals naturally offer the most solid and nutritious food for the students of economic history. They are invaluable supplements to the author's main monographs. The lectures tend to be more loose in argument and sometimes sweeping in generalization. These essays as a whole illustrate how—naturally enough—as Harold Innis grew older, he became more deeply interested in the broader social and political aspects of the contemporary world. The early Innis was an academic specialist, immersed for many years in close study of the fur trade, the cod fisheries, and the emergence of a Canadian economy on the basis of extractive industries. The later Innis read with wide catholicity, became perhaps more impressionistic, and was certainly ready to lash out candidly at things he disliked, whether it was the long supremacy of the Liberal party in Ottawa or the apparent manifestations of American imperialism in Canada. Beneath his academic detachment boiled up indignant feelings on certain crucial questions, especially on those which involved the issue of concentrated economic, political, or spiritual power. In the last essay of the volume, for example, there is an unconcealed irritation at the United States for exercising power over its northern neighbour, and no less irritation at those individuals who appeared to promote bureaucratic direction over Canadian citizens from Ottawa. The later writings also suggest how much he had become a complicated combination of nationalist and anti-nationalist. These essays begin with economic history, but end with the fundamental question of politics: how are men to master power and keep it subordinate to their pursuit of other and finer ends. Harold Innis may not have provided a solution, but at least in different forms he raised this ancient yet living issue.

Another book issued in a new and revised edition warrants mention in this context. It is not written as a contribution to economic history, but in great part is derived from the methods and products of economic history. *An Introduction to Political Economy* by V. W. Bladen (University of Toronto Press, viii, 319 pp., $4.95) is prepared for students in introductory classes, and designed to illustrate certain selected facets of theory in the operations of the Canadian economy. Developments and relationships of the kind with which the economic historian is concerned figure prominently in its chapters. The historian and the theorist in amiable companionship travel hand in hand, and, if sometimes the

historian seems more conspicuous than the theorist, it is because of the author's evident anxiety to avoid arid abstraction. This lucid book is intended primarily for college students, but it is also eminently suitable for the general reader.

The two central and related themes in Canadian political life in the three decades from 1840 to 1870 were the development of responsible government and the establishment of a federal state. On both much has been written, especially on the former. In the twenty odd years after the First World War responsible government held for historians a special fascination. To the individuals who in that period responded to the upsurge of nationalist sentiment stimulated by the war, the triumph of responsible government in the last century appeared as the glorious dawn of Canadian liberty, and every fragment of a document that made the dawn more evident was avidly read and duly utilized. This historical interpretation sprang from a special emphasis upon the importance of parliamentary institutions in the national life: the proud belief that in a short span of time Canada had achieved what Britain had achieved between the seventeenth century and the reign of Victoria, rule by a parliamentary executive. Nor were the writers of such history under illusions. The successful struggle for responsible government must remain pivotal in Canada's story, but it has now wisely come to be viewed in a much broader institutional and social perspective. J. E. Hodgetts' *Pioneer Public Service, An Administrative History of the United Canadas, 1841–1867* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 292 pp., $5.50), admirably illustrates this change.

Mr. Hodgetts attempts to show that real responsible government was only possible after a drastic reorganization of Canada's administrative structure. It could not spring to birth simply by the governor accepting the idea of an executive council directly responsive to the Assembly. All administrative services had to be brought under officials responsible in the colony instead of officials responsible to superiors in London. A departmental system and an effective mechanism of financial control had to be created. These undertakings in the administrative sphere really implied a further assimilation within Canada of British institutions, with the adaptations needed by the special environment of the country. They were begun under Lord Sydenham and progressed within the next three decades. Previous writers on responsible government did not ignore them, but Mr. Hodgetts has demonstrated their importance and related them to the social environment more fully than has been done before. He has given a more satisfactory picture of the administrative building

which federal Canada inherited and extended. His book throughout is marked by patient research, clear writing, and thoughtful interpretation.

A western phase of Canada's political evolution in the nineteenth century is examined in *The Struggle for Responsible Government in the North-West Territories, 1870–97* by Lewis Herbert Thomas (University of Toronto Press, viii, 276 pp., $5.00). The title is likely to mislead, since only the latter part of the book treats responsible government in the strict meaning of the term. What Mr. Thomas actually covers is the evolution of the system of government in the North-West Territories from their establishment in 1870 to, first, the creation of an elected legislature in 1888, and, second, the recognition of an executive responsible to that legislature in 1897. The author's account is painstaking and detailed, and couched in terms of manifest sympathy with the demands of the West and no less manifest suspicion of the manœuvres of Sir John Macdonald. Interesting is the contrast drawn between the methods of Canada and the United States in administering territories. The Americans began by enunciating general principles, on which they acted, although perhaps often clumsily. The Canadians at the outset were not specific about guiding principles. They were resolved, in harmony with the true spirit of British empiricism, to do what circumstances seemed to dictate, and as normal empiricists they became at intervals quite muddled and uncertain. This book also does something to suggest the origins of that mentality of western "revolt" against parties and administrations in remote Ottawa. For a time the community in the great prairie region was virtually a colony of Canada, and had to fight for appropriate recognition in the federation. We might conclude, although Mr. Thomas does not explicitly conclude (he is far from intrepid in general ideas), that it never quite recovered from this colonial experience, and the sins of the Canadian Fathers are to the present day visited upon their children.

The historical literature on western Canada gains also from two stout and handsome volumes of primary sources, one published by the Champlain Society and the other by the Hudson's Bay Record Society. It is fortunate that these two societies continue their admirable work of making available in print diaries, letters, and miscellaneous records on Canadian history, especially those dealing with the vast hinterland of the north-west. The Champlain Society may take pride in the thirty-four main volumes already published. It owes a debt, and readers owe a debt, not merely to the scholars who edited them, but to the private

citizens who made publication possible. Its volume of the present year is *Alexander Begg's Red River Journal and Other Papers Relative to the Red River Resistance of 1869–1870*, edited with an introduction by Professor W. L. Morton of the University of Manitoba (Champlain Society, xxiv, 636 pp.). Alexander Begg went to the Red River in 1867 to trade, and remained an active resident for fifteen years. His journal sheds important light on the succession of events commonly named the Red River Rebellion, but which Professor Morton prefers, as more accurate, to call the Red River Resistance. Begg usually copied into his journal the text of current documents. But apart from gathering this invaluable information, he passed shrewd and objective judgments on personalities and events in the community. His head remained remarkably cool in a local atmosphere of passion and contention. In his introduction Professor Morton does more than prepare readers for Begg's journal. He presents a calm and illuminating analysis of the complicated situation in the Red River in 1869–70 and its consequences. He concludes that these events, despite the passion that they generated, challenged Ontario to recognize that the dual cultural character of Canadian nationality must be the framework of the new federation.

London Correspondence Inward from Eden Colvile, 1849–1852, edited by E. E. Rich and assisted by A. M. Johnson, with an introduction by Professor W. L. Morton (London, The Hudson's Bay Record Society, cxv, 300 pp.), is another notable addition to the documents on the north-west. In 1849 Eden Colvile, the son of a Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, was appointed as the associate and deputy of Sir George Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land. It was arranged that Colvile should reside in the Red River settlement, doubtless to exert a steadying influence on that isolated community, which already contained many elements of discord. This volume reproduces his letters, which are neither sprightly nor distinguished; here is no sparkle, but at least there are countless facts for the record. Again Professor Morton provides a long and erudite introduction, which constitutes for the period the most authoritative history of the region.

The one political biography of the year commands interest for more reasons than one. From the Treaty of Paris Canada seemed almost to have been pledged to political gradualism and compromise. Like other dominions of the Commonwealth it became in the nineteenth century a direct beneficiary of Britain's own progress in liberalism and democracy. Its system of responsible government evolved with the system of responsible government and national policy in Britain itself. In attack-

ing popular grievances its political leaders were guided by much the same empirical thinking that guided British leaders. Hence Canada avoided the revolution which Britain avoided, and contributed to the triumphs of the parliamentary idea. The nearest thing to a revolutionary venture in this relatively sedate tale was the rebellion of 1837, which was a genuine if futile attempt to overcome the difficulties of reform by a resort to physical force. William Kilbourn, in *The Firebrand: William Lyon Mackenzie and the Rebellion in Upper Canada* (Clarke, Irwin, xvi, 283 pp., $5.00), traces its course in one province under the erratic leadership of a stormy Scottish immigrant. The author seeks to tell a story and interpret a character, and he admirably succeeds. He has dug into the main sources of information on Mackenzie's life, and possesses an acute eye for apt details and telling quotations. He writes throughout with skill, verve, and imagination, and brings Mackenzie and his contemporaries to life.

Mr. Kilbourn hardly alters the portrait of Mackenzie sketched in the standard histories, but he fills in detail, and completes the picture. The emotional little highlander remains a crank of the first order. To his credit he had a deep passion for social justice, and on some things an uncomfortably logical mind. But he lacked the reliable patience and enduring confidence which make a reformer. Beyond exposing the abuses of government in Upper Canada, he had little more to show before 1837 than a demagogue's specious arts and momentary triumphs. His doctrinal affirmations were derived from British radicalism and Jeffersonian democracy, but generally his political thinking was naïve and confused. His attempt at revolution was clumsy and almost comic, although his overwhelming fervour won the support of some trustful and well-meaning souls who were exasperated by the complacent selfishness and petty arbitrariness of the Family Compact.

Mr. Kilbourn tells his story well, but his book has one evident weakness: it fails to place Mackenzie and the rebellion in a sufficiently broad perspective. He thinks, indeed, as he briefly suggests in the Introduction, that Mackenzie's story leads nowhere, that after 1837 Mackenzie's methods had no admirers and no imitators; they created no folklore. All this is true up to a point, but he might have indicated more fully how Mackenzie's emotional protests and erratic actions had some effect in quickening the pace of reform. The inept rebellion after all did lead to Durham's mission and *Report*, with their consequences. Mr. Kilbourn in the final chapter treats briefly Mackenzie's post-rebellion career and his return to Canada after thirteen years in exile. On that phase Mr.

J. E. Hodgetts comments interestingly in the book mentioned earlier. Entering the legislature in the fifties, Mackenzie again championed the cause of reform, but with more moderation and greater effect. As chairman of the Select Committee on Public Accounts he secured changes which made possible a more effective parliamentary control of the purse, and for this necessary adjunct of responsible government "the little rebel" merits our gratitude.

Biography of a different kind is *Lions in the Way: A Discursive History of the Oslers* by Anne Wilkinson (Macmillan of Canada, xii, 274 pp., $5.00). It consists of scattered memoirs, letters and extracts from diaries, which in casual fashion describe a family that came from Cornwall in the thirties of the last century to settle in the rude and pioneer society of North York. It was a remarkably sturdy family. To Featherstone Osler, a zealous Anglican missionary, and to his wife Ellen were born nine children, of whom four achieved national distinction: Mr. Justice Featherstone Osler, Britton Bath Osler, Q.C., Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, and Sir Edmund Osler, a very successful financier. We obtain here, not merely much information about the Oslers, but hasty glimpses of Canadian society at different stages of its growth, from the superstitions and fanaticisms of pioneers in the backwoods of North York to the proprieties and prejudices of a Toronto millionaire's household in the early years of the present century. We encounter, of course, no rebel notions (the Rev. Featherstone Osler looked upon William Lyon Mackenzie as a vile serpent), but rather those solid qualities and conceptions guaranteed to win success in the Canadian community. Anne Wilkinson, a grand-daughter of Sir Edmund Osler, is not inhibited by any special family piety; she writes with candour and humour, and produces an engaging if not perhaps an important book.

It is a platitude that the interest of Canadians in external relations and the outer world has been quickened immensely by the march of events since 1939. The aspiration for national status is as old as federation, but only after 1939 did any large number of Canadians become seriously interested in the problems of their country's position in the society of nations. Admittedly in the inter-war years a relatively small group of eager individuals sought to arouse public thinking on these problems, but with meagre results. The enlarged interest since the Second World War has been in part reflected in the growing number of books on foreign relations, most of them sponsored by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, which celebrated its quarter-century

four years ago. Since 1945 the Institute has published as many as twenty-two volumes, numerous pamphlets, and a quarterly journal, dealing with subjects of an international interest.

In the current year three studies concern aspects of foreign relations. *Canada in World Affairs, September 1951 to October 1953* by B. S. Keirstead (Oxford University Press, xii, 268 pp., $3.50) is the seventh volume in a continuing series, issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. Like its predecessors it is intended to survey reliably Canada's relations to world developments and to examine her foreign policy. The years covered include five major events which still exert influence: the uneasy settlement in Korea, the hasty building of NATO as a bulwark against Russian aggression in the west, the emergence of the German problem in new and ominous terms, the development by Russia of the hydrogen bomb, and the death of Stalin, with its profound if uncertain effects on the internal power system of the U.S.S.R. Against this complicated background Mr. Keirstead traces with skill and clarity the Canadian outlook and policy. He appreciates throughout the long-term factors that determine Canada's position: the peculiar nature of the state, the structure of the economy, the neighbourhood of the United States, and membership in the Commonwealth. He not merely analyses developments, but reflects on policy, as it has been and as it might be.

Mr. Keirstead comments shrewdly on why the policy-makers in Ottawa take NATO so seriously. Another study of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs elaborates on this theme: *NATO: The Economics of an Alliance* by Ronald S. Ritchie (Ryerson Press, iv, 147 pp., $3.00). NATO is doubtless the most remarkable experiment in international co-operation for defence ever attempted by free states in time of peace. Its initial successes were impressive. By 1953 the NATO countries had raised their combined expenditures on defence to almost four times the level of 1949. It is difficult to determine the precise extent to which this collective achievement changed the military menace of Russia as it had existed before 1949, but it may be assumed that it was of the first importance. Yet the grim competition between the Soviet world and the Western world remains, a competition now concentrated within the spheres of economics and politics. Mr. Ritchie discusses what it means in economic terms and what for the countries of NATO are its prospects. Since economics is here fused with politics and the related necessities of defence, the book, despite its title, actually touches on all the main and vital aspects of the alliance. From the outset it was feared that a mere defensive pact would be insecure unless a

virile sense of community, resting on economic and cultural bonds, was fostered among the members. Hence the inclusion of Article Two in the Treaty, with Canada in particular its special champion. Mr. Ritchie examines why strong action in accordance with Article Two has lagged, and what have been the achievements and what the shortcomings of collaboration whether military or economic.

Canada has membership in an older association, which is brilliantly scrutinized by a Canadian scholar: *The British Commonwealth: An Experiment in Co-operation among Nations*, by Frank H. Underhill (Duke University Press [Burns & MacEachern], xxviii, 127 pp., $2.75). This book consists of lectures sponsored by the Commonwealth Studies Center at Duke University in North Carolina. Besides a general introduction it has three chapters: the Liberal Victorian Empire, the First Commonwealth, and the Second Commonwealth. A select list of readings on the Empire and Commonwealth since 1839 is appended. Frank Underhill is a master in the art of compression, and here his mastery is displayed. The book is small and its theme large, but it is fascinating to read. In lucid and pungent prose the author provides a broad and very personal interpretation of his subject. It is not, however, to be assumed that he is invariably persuasive. His saints are not likely to be the saints whom everyone can venerate. One may, for example, question whether the Manchester Liberals deserve his generous eulogy for their part in preparing for the modern Commonwealth, and regrettable is his silence about the role of the colonial loyalists (a miscellaneous category of Liberals and Conservatives) who stoutly attacked the zeal with which the Manchester School belittled the values inherent in the existing bonds of empire. When he writes, with the men of Manchester in mind, that "if there had not been so many heretics in the Empire of yesterday, there would be no Commonwealth today," the just retort is that "if there had not been so many loyalists in the Empire of yesterday there would be no Commonwealth today." Politicians like Sir John A. Macdonald were truer builders of the modern Commonwealth than Richard Cobden and John Bright. Also far more credit should go to many British Conservatives of the last century than Mr. Underhill gives. He is indeed not kindly disposed towards those with the label Conservative; in general he views them as politically disreputable. This is unfortunate, for Conservative (not Tory) thought was no less significant than Liberal thought in helping to found the Commonwealth of the twentieth century. The values of tradition and continuity were essential ingredients in its structure.

When Mr. Underhill, in his second chapter, discusses what he calls

the First Commonwealth, which had emerged from the First World War, it may be objected that he sees its development too narrowly from the view of the dominions. He states the simple dictum that "all the ideas about imperial architecture that originated in Great Britain were rejected" and that the ideas behind the Commonwealth were those primarily of such dominion leaders as Borden and Smuts. Indeed he refers to it as the Borden-Smuts Commonwealth. Space will not permit here an adequate criticism of this much too simplified thesis, which has been fashionable with certain Canadian writers. With Mr. Underhill it seems to be derived partly from the fact that he attaches an excessive importance to the ideas of Lionel Curtis and the imperial federationists, which were of course rejected. But it is grotesque to assume that these were the only ideas on Commonwealth relations current among British leaders. In fact they were the ideas of a very small and doctrinaire but articulate minority, and had little chance of convincing the seasoned politicians. The First Commonwealth resulted from the joint and practical arrangements of British and dominion leaders. Borden and Smuts for evident reasons wanted it, but it was also something that British leaders were content to accept. It was reached in a characteristic British empirical manner.

That one may be provoked to differ strongly from some of the interpretations in this slim book is simply a tribute to its incisive and challenging thought. Its treatment of the Second Commonwealth, which results from the Second World War, is especially clear-headed and illuminating.

In recent years an increasing number of specialized monographs dealing with aspects of the Canadian economy and society have appeared. Often they may be Ph.D. theses more or less refined and polished. Sometimes they derive from the labours of mature scholars absorbed in the intensive cultivation of small plots in the field of social study. They commonly represent the results of "assisted research," in the form of grants from the Canadian Social Science Research Council or other bodies for aid in pursuing the investigation and in publishing the results. Space alone prohibits here anything like an adequate review of these monographs, and in most cases we must be content with little more than the listing of titles and subjects. Competent examples are two volumes in the series entitled "Canadian Studies in Economics," under the editorial direction of V. W. Bladen: *The Agricultural Implement Industry in Canada: A Study in Competition* by W. G. Phillips (University of Toronto Press, xii, 208 pp., $4.50), and *State Inter-*

vention and Assistance in Collective Bargaining: The Canadian Experience 1943–1954 by H. A. Logan (University of Toronto Press, viii, 176 pp., $3.00). The first investigates the range and character of competition in an industry in which the firms are few and each is more than a hundred years old. The second, by a veteran student of labour movements, examines an important phase in the relations of the state and the economy during a period of rapid industrial expansion and social change.

Two volumes of some interest to the social historian are *The Baptists in Upper and Lower Canada Before 1820* by Stuart Ivison and Fred Rosser (University of Toronto Press, x, 193 pp., $5.00), and *Wilderness Christians: The Moravian Mission to the Delaware Indians* by Elma E. Gray and Leslie Robb Gray (Macmillan of Canada, xiv, 354 pp., $6.00). Histories of Protestant sects and churches peculiarly abound in North America, for the clergy are zealously articulate, and some earnestly devote themselves to historical compilations. Where the clergy refrain, equally zealous laymen are usually at hand to assume the task. Both of the present works are painstaking efforts to make the records clear and accurate. A number of institutional studies deal with more contemporary themes. *The Conservative Party of Canada, 1920–1949* by John R. Williams (Duke University Press [Burns & MacEachern], xiv, 242 pp., $7.50), is the attempt of an American scholar to explain the weakness and ill fortunes of the Conservative party since the First World War. The mechanism of a party is more complicated than that of a locomotive, and even when it is described we are only part way to an understanding of its achievements. This study stays close to organization, which is obviously important, but throws little light on the more intangible and elusive factors in public opinion and attitudes. *Local Government in Alberta* by Eric Hanson (McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 145 pp., $2.50), is a scholarly survey of structure and organization from early times, with emphasis on the last twenty years, when notable innovations have occurred. *Prairie Progress: Consumer Co-operation in Saskatchewan* by Jim F. C. Wright (Saskatoon, Modern Press, xii, 228 pp., $2.25), is a lucid and uninhibited account of one major phase of Saskatchewan life by the knowledgeable and energetic editor of a farm magazine. Linking the Lancashire borough of Rochdale to the triumphs of settlers over the harsh environment of the Saskatchewan prairie is here done with a missionary zest. *The Administration of Health Insurance in Canada* by Malcolm G. Taylor (Oxford University Press, xiv, 270 pp., $5.00) is a survey of the varied forms of insurance

for medical care and an analysis of the administrative techniques in operation. *Corporation Finance in Canada* by C. A. Ashley and J. E. Smyth (Macmillan of Canada, x, 253 pp., $3.95) is a much revised and extended form of an earlier book. The theme is interpreted more broadly than the title may suggest, and from it the reader will derive some understanding of the place of the commercial corporation in contemporary society and the problems that it creates.

SOCIAL STUDIES: II

J. M. S. Careless

In assessing the books that fall within this section—and striving manfully as usual for some valid generalization—one can only say that this has been a tolerably average year. There was neither a bumper harvest nor a crop failure, while somewhat limited yields in several parts of Canada have been offset by the fairly acceptable quality of the returns there and elsewhere. Prairie soil may be rather exhausted after last year's outpourings for the Alberta and Saskatchewan jubilees. There is little from Quebec, not much more from the Atlantic or Pacific regions; but Ontario and the North are effectively represented. And there are two general works on Canada that might be examined at the outset.

The first, *Canada Looks Ahead*, by Grace Langharne (Royal Institute of International Affairs [Oxford University Press], x, 158 pp., $2.25) is essentially a short, factual handbook on Canada's current and projected economic development. In this respect, it is a useful condensation of recent information and statistics on Canadian trade, industry, transport, power, and above all, natural resources. The second volume is also a condensation, but quite different from this unpretentious little book. It is a concise sketch of Canada, its history, culture and present state, first written by Jean Bruchési for the French collection, *Merveilles de la France et du monde*, and now republished in Canada, in English, in a most handsome and admirably illustrated edition (Ryerson and Fernand Nathan, 190 pp., $5.95). Indeed, the 127 pages of photographs form the largest part of M. Bruchési's *Canada*. Well chosen to cover all the country, they offer a vivid and varied impression of Canadian life and achievement, and appended comments add to their significance. One should not, however, neglect the introduction, which is an effective piece of historical compression maintaining good balance and judgment. It indicates, among other things, the not uninteresting fact that a French-speaking Canadian can now write a historical sketch

of Canada for presentation in Paris which an English-speaking Canadian would be quite content to see presented there—or anywhere else, for that matter.

The Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland are dealt with in Miriam Chapin's *Atlantic Canada* (Ryerson, viii, 179 pp., $3.50). It is a skilful survey of the character and current problems of a major Canadian region, very much along the lines of *Quebec Now*, her book of the preceding year. Perhaps the author intends to work through all the regions of Canada. On the whole, one would welcome the prospect, for her perceptive, cool, yet sympathetic manner of inquiry has produced two informative and stimulating regional studies, concise in nature but lucid and far-ranging in their treatment. This book, however, has the defects as well as the virtues of its predecessor—those of the quick and the deft. Its swift pace betrays the author into such hasty summaries as the statement that Loyalists came to Nova Scotia both before and after the American Revolution. Then there is the assertion that Ontario alone among the provinces lacks grievances and usually gets its way in twisting federal policy to suit its interests. Mrs. Chapin should read the Toronto press; possibly she has not yet reached that far. In general, her latest work remains intelligent, impressionistic journalism: a remark meant without academic snobbery, since *Atlantic Canada* is as incisive and thought-provoking as good journalism well can make it. But these attributes cannot wholly substitute for the broad knowledge of background and careful weighing of factual detail which would mark a work of more enduring significance.

A book thoroughly steeped in background is Will Bird's *Off-Trail in Nova Scotia* (Ryerson, xiv, 314 pp., $4.00). This is an account of leisurely journeyings along the backroads of Mr. Bird's cherished native province, through outlying areas that have been left behind in the rush of the Cadillac Age, and so have kept their own tranquil, weathered charm, free of the standardized, self-conscious tourism of more travelled districts. The book is a storehouse of anecdotes and folk tales diligently gathered along the way, stories of bears and pioneers, village mysteries and rural heroes. Some are a complete joy, others dull to banality; and certainly the reader comes to suffer from a surfeit of bears. At the same time the stories are strung out in a meandering narrative that deserves no medals for good writing or even stars for paragraph unity. Nevertheless the rambling style fits the wandering of the theme, and somehow adds veracity to the picture of the old community that is best revealed through the stories themselves.

Not that their contents are always veracious: some of the best are of the tall variety. But they, too, have the authentic flavour of Nova Scotia's brightly coloured past. There is, for instance, the prize tale of the Fundy sea captain who duelled with a seven-foot eunuch in Constantinople. The latter was championing the honour of the Sultan, one of whose wives (of course) the Nova Scotian had kissed. The captain's triumph, following his choice of boxing gloves for weapons (and after being escorted to the arena by Royal Marines and a brass band), resulted in the overnight popularity of pugilism in Turkey and a booming market for boxing gloves, which in turn inspired a home manufacturer to present our hero with a cheque for five hundred dollars, on his return to Nova Scotia, in gratitude for services rendered to commerce. Surely this story has almost everything!

Quebec is represented only by one book this year, and this is a study in the history of mining in the province. *Noranda*, by Leslie Roberts (Clarke, Irwin, xiv, 223 pp., $5.00), traces the development of the rich gold-copper mineral complex in the Noranda-Rouyn area of northwestern Quebec. More important, it recounts the growth of the great Noranda Mines organization, which has chiefly been responsible for that development, and which is now engaged in mining operations from Gaspé to Nicaragua, not to mention various large-scale industrial activities. This is a notably impressive success story. It is well told—with full credit paid to luck as well as to vision and perseverance—from the time in 1921 when prospector Edmund Horne first found "visible encouragement" in his repeated search for gold in the Noranda area, to the opening of production in 1955 at the company's huge new copper mine in the heart of the Gaspé mountains.

Sometimes the author does grow a little starry-eyed, as he talks on about "magic" and "fabulous" gifts of fortune; this may be because he feels a need to offset his constant sets of figures on ore values and production rates. But one is never quite sure how much of the story rests on creative imagination and how much on documented data. Though Mr. Roberts obviously had access to company documents, there are no references given. Hence—as has happened before in writings on big Canadian private enterprises—this volume falls somewhere between a popular sketch and detailed business history. It rather mixes both. One also notices lack of criticism concerning the company, not only as regards any possible issues in labour relations but also with respect to the management itself. All chief company officers seem beyond any kind of reproach, and while personal friendships with some of them

(as mentioned by the author) may have affected his stand, it appears unlikely that all were giants in those days, or in this. Consequently the book reveals the limitations of company history undertaken on some sort of public-relations basis. Still, it is better done with its limitations than not done at all. In Noranda, Mr. Roberts had a story worthy of recording; and he fairly points out the constructive role of this big corporation in uncovering and developing Canada's mineral resources, which seldom come easily or cheaply to hand.

Pierre Berton carries the story of Canada's current frontier development far northward, to the iron mines of Labrador, to the oil pools at Norman Wells in the Mackenzie valley, and to the DEW line radar stations being raised in Baffin Land. His book, *The Mysterious North* (McClelland & Stewart, xvi, 345 pp., $5.00), covers a wide variety of northern regions in setting forth his observations on a series of recent journeys that took him into areas as far apart as the Klondike and Ungava. It is not surprising that his long northward vaults were usually made by air. What seems more surprising, paradoxically, is that he could go by car to Alaska and by train into the heart of Labrador; both signs of northern growth well beyond the bush-pilot era, though assuredly still very isolated examples. Mr. Berton's accounts of his travels are interesting enough in themselves, but his observations are much more so. He is well qualified to make them, not only as a native northerner, but as one of Canada's prominent journalists, managing editor of *Maclean's Magazine*. The basic topography, geology, climate, and resources of different northern regions are compactly presented, together with their economy and society today. And perhaps the author's best gift is his power of graphic description. If there is any criticism of his book, it is that the description sometimes seems too powerful: the landscape heaves and breaks in purple slabs, blood-red craters, and jagged blue mountain ramparts—as the case may be. But perhaps nothing else could do justice to a country that is so overpowering and of such incredible dimensions. At any rate, the whole effect of *The Mysterious North* is fresh and compelling. The title is the only trite thing about it.

Another volume on the far North, that is engaging rather than compelling, is Wanda Tolboom's *Arctic Bride* (Ryerson, xii, 256 pp., $4.50). In 1946 Mrs. Tolboom left a Winnipeg background to marry her future husband at a little chapel on the shore of Hudson Bay, and to live at Povungnetuk, a tiny eastern coastal trading post where he was Hudson's Bay Company manager. Her book describes her first two years in the North, spent in isolation that seemed far from lonely when there

was always a woman " neighbour" a mere hundred miles or so away, and cordial Eskimo society close at hand. Evidently Mrs. Tolboom made the very best of her position. At least there is no sense of desolation here; rather there is keen appreciation of the grandeur of the northern vastness, and the warmer enjoyment of a close little domestic world in its midst. H. S. M. Kemp similarly writes of the life of the fur-trading post in *Northern Trader* (Bouregy & Curl [Ryerson], 253 pp., $3.50), but his is a different North, in space and time. He was a post manager in the Lac la Ronge country of northern Saskatchewan, at a time when this was deep in the wilderness of the fur-trapping frontier. These are his memories, from his first trip into the area in 1908 till the moment in 1927 when the need of educating their children brought him and his wife reluctantly back to civilization. The result is neither ordered history nor autobiography, but, as the author says himself, "a series of word-pictures of the North as I knew it, of the fur trade of an earlier day." The pictures are laudably successful, whether in describing the work of the fur trader, or Indian society, or strenuous journeys through winter forests and down white-water rivers. About the only failure is the fantastic picture on the jacket of the book, surely done to accord with the misconceptions of its American publishers and intended American audience. It shows a Hollywood Mr. Kemp, armed and vigilant, before a massive Pacific Coast totem pole, Arctic wastes and lofty mountains in the background; and only needs Rose Marie and a chorus of red-coated Mounties to complete the horror of it all.

Turning now to Ontario, we may first consider *Toronto, Romance of a Great City*, by the late Katharine Hale (Cassell, x, 262 pp., $4.50). This is properly described as "romance," not history, although it does depict the city's growth from trading post to super-market through various phases, and makes much use of historical detail in the process. The narrative progresses as a series of somewhat disjointed impressions. The record is also incomplete, especially on the political and economic side, and generally lacks a firm pattern of historical organization. Nevertheless the book remains a colourful sketch of Toronto's development, most useful in regard to cultural growth, and displaying Miss Hale's always praiseworthy devotion to old buildings of architectural or historic significance. It is offered with affection, knowledge, and a good deal of enthusiasm for Toronto, all of which shine through its pages. Regrettably, however, the effort does not seem to have been a success; not in the primary purpose of making clear what Toronto was and is. The clichés of Little York and the mighty metropolis are simply spread

out once more—Queen's Rangers, Mackenzie radicals, Victorian worthies, all marching aimlessly to the ultimate chasm of the Yonge Street subway. Does it mean anything? Perhaps not; but if Toronto does not know where it has been or where it is going, it does not appear that the author—despite confident talk about the "glorious and promising" city—was able to come on any answers.

A less polished but intrinsically more valuable work is *At the Forks of the Grand* (Paris *Star*, xiv, 302 pp., $3.00), a series of twenty historical esays on Paris, Ontario, by D. A. Smith, with an additional one by J. P. Pickell. This is a well-filled local history, describing the founding and development of the town, properly highlighting the career of that pioneer Parisian, "King" Hiram Capron, and dealing with a variety of relevant topics, such as municipal government and services, social life, sports, education, and so on. The exposition is uneven, at times rather shapeless, and frequently concentrates on interesting or personal trivia at the expense of the main themes. These, indeed, are typical attributes of many a local history, written from inside the home community without the general canons of professional historians in mind. Nonetheless, because of this local "home" interest, masses of factual information may be preserved—as they have been in this book—to the lasting benefit of historians well outside the ancient walls of Paris.

A smaller Ontario centre, Beeton, is the setting for Kate Aitken's nostalgic recollections of her childhood before the turn of the century. *Never a Day So Bright* (Longman's Green, vi, 249 pp., $3.50) centres around her family and the general store her father kept, and most charmingly sets forth the busy, but secure and contented, daily round of life that then they knew. In fact, she traces her own and her family's activities throughout the seasons of the year, from their Christmas dinners of goose, turkey, or chicken (whichever hadn't sold) to the Grand Millinery Opening before Easter, from summer berry-picking to re-enamelling the stovepipes in the fall. This sort of story has often been told before, but Mrs. Aitken's has strong interest and appeal. First, of course, there is the mellow golden haze that inevitably surrounds such a narrative of childhood in a simpler, better age—the remembered joys of mother's cooking and the swimming hole, which certainly play their quite effective part here. Then there are the remarkable transactions of the old-fashioned general store, whose richly varied stock and complicated activities are lovingly described by Mrs. Aitken. And finally, there is her keen but appreciative eye for the finer points of village social life and entertainment: she must have been a very observant

child, as well as having an excellent memory. Possibly everything turns out a bit too golden and rosy; possibly a good deal is made out of very little. But this remains a most enjoyable book, that can make one homesick for all those Beetons that only really exist in the land of lost content.

Next is a full-fledged autobiography, *Memory's Wall*, by Flora McCrea Eaton (Clarke, Irwin, xii, 214 pp., $5.00). This also begins in a small Ontario village, Omemee, where Flora McCrea lived until she went to Toronto to become a nurse, met John, the son of Timothy Eaton, and had her whole future strikingly changed. There followed marriage and children, big new houses, travel in private railway cars and yachts, trips to Europe with an entourage, her husband's knighting, an Eaton's directorship, presentation at Court, philanthropic work and LL.D.'s: obviously, truth here is imitating the glossiest romance. Yet despite the assets of a story such as this, which contained tragedies no less than triumphs, Lady Eaton's book is none too rewarding. It is plainly presented but often dull, concentrating largely on the trivial. She tells us little, really, of her long connections with Eaton's, and the whole performance seems rather stilted. Undoubtedly, the best part describes the world of Flora McCrea before the mantle of the Eaton dynasty fell around her.

The latter half of the book, however, does provide some comments that strike a note truly reminiscent of *noblesse oblige*. There was the occasion, for example, of a strike at Eaton's a few years ago when the author went down to the College Street Store and the Main Store in Toronto two mornings in succession before 8.30 to strengthen the loyal: "If those people who worked all day for us could stand at the Store doors from 7 a.m. to 8.30 a.m. to prove their loyalty to the Company, then I felt I could very well get up and go down among them to give them a nod of encouragement." Or there was the time when Lady Eaton and a friend were sitting, dressed in their presentation gowns, in a line of cars on a London street, waiting to go into the Palace for the ceremony. Among the onlookers, an intensely thin and white old man was being pushed in a wheel chair by a woman: "I called out to her, 'Wouldn't you like to wheel him up close?' She smiled her thanks, and replied, 'Oh, thank you, ma'am, he doesn't have many pleasures.' I turned to Isabel and said, 'Take your train off your lap and let them see how pretty your robe is,' and I did likewise." These may seem inconsequential passages, but they suggest the tone and character of the book. The author announces in its preface, addressed solely to her children and grandchildren, that she has written in response to their inquiries and in the hope that they may know her more fully. One

cannot escape the feeling that this aim might as well have been achieved through a private printing.

Now we move westward to the Prairies, first to examine *In Search of Utopia*, by E. K. Francis (D. W. Friesen & Sons, xvi, 294 pp., $6.00). This is a scholarly study of the Mennonites in Manitoba, their origins, historical development, and present state—a further volume in the commendable series on ethnic groups in Manitoba commissioned by the Manitoba Historical Society. Written by a trained social scientist, now Professor of Sociology at Notre Dame University but formerly with the University of Manitoba, it has the authority of specialized research and careful documentation behind it. In general, it is a history: from the Anabaptist background of the Mennonites in Reformation Europe to the migration of a group from Canada to Paraguay after the Second World War, in the latest zealous Mennonite search for Utopia. The bulk of the book deals with the growth of Mennonite settlements in Manitoba since the mid-1870's. Only in the "Epilog" does it come to a sociological analysis of the contemporary western Mennonite community, but throughout the narrative the strong religious and social forces binding its members together are amply made plain. It is a work that can do much for the understanding of this distinctive ethnic minority, particularly with regard to their resistance to assimilation in the usual "melting-pot" sense.

Travellers West, by Mary Quayle Innis (Clarke, Irwin, x, 339 pp., $3.50) renews acquaintance with some redoubtable Victorian travellers of the western plains and mountains in the days before the railway. It recounts the journeys of the Earl of Southesk, Viscount Milton and his tutor, Dr. Cheadle, and Sandford Fleming and James Grant, whose parties crossed the West, respectively, in 1859, 1862, and 1872. The first two expeditions went for pleasure (*mirabile dictu*), to hunt and see the country; the third set out to chart a route for the projected Pacific railway. Each of them found a good deal more hardship than pleasure, but each of them left behind fascinating descriptions of their travels and of the life of the West along the way. Mrs. Innis has brought their stories to the fore again, and quotes generously from their original writings. The result is a digest of Southesk, Cheadle, and Grant, with connecting and introductory material added. It was a worthy idea to put these formidable tourists back in print, and in so far as Mrs. Innis has brought them to attention once again, she deserves every commendation. Yet in her book their stories have a certain second-hand quality: they do not seem as lively and engrossing in the re-telling as one might have hoped.

Perhaps this is the unavoidable consequence of synopsis. At all events, Grant's *Ocean to Ocean*, at least, is still fairly accessible, and might be recommended over this condensed account.

Following the travellers down the Pacific slopes, we come to two volumes on the West Coast. The first, *Pageant of B.C.*, by B. A. McKelvie (Thomas Nelson, xiv, 263 pp., $4.00), consists of a large number of very short articles on episodes in British Columbia history, which first appeared as a series in the Vancouver *Daily Province*. They range in time from the prehistoric (with a consideration as to whether Jews from ancient China left a cultural imprint on the West Coast aborigines) to the departure of recruits for the Boer War. In between, they have much to say about Spanish activity on the Coast, the vicissitudes of the early British colonies, the great days of the gold rush, and the coming of Confederation and the C.P.R. The whole work suffers from the fact that it is a compilation. The episodes stand separate, just as they were taken from the newspaper, and there is no real connection between them, other than that of a fairly close chronological sequence. Accordingly, this volume is not a history to be followed through, but a scrapbook to be taken up in snatches. Yet it does contain a good deal of competently drafted historical minutiae, based on wide knowledge and extensive research; and some of the episodes give excellent value. It is well illustrated, too, except for the picture of British troops marching out of Fort Victoria in 1847: they and the spectators are strangely dressed in eighteenth-century costume.

The final work of this section, *Winged Canoes at Nootka*, by Pamela Stephen (Dent, xii, 227 pp., $3.00), is somewhat similar in that it narrates a series of episodes in the past of British Columbia, from Captain Cook's arrival to the First World War. They are, however, far fewer in number and longer in extent, and are presented virtually as historical short stories, embellished with fictitious dialogue and considerable exercise of the imagination. The author explains that she has sought to take "an informal approach to the early history of British Columbia." On the whole, it may be said that her efforts are successful. The emerging pattern of the province is well indicated, in interesting and often dramatic fashion. Still, while conceding the usefulness of such an approach, it breaks down at times even on its own terms. The dialogue is often used to convey information in a manner that does not ring true. Some hardbitten characters are prosy and elaborate to a most unlikely degree. Take the old salt describing a shipwreck: "During one lashing storm her captain struggling desperately to save her, reluctantly

ordered everything jettisoned that could be moved. Overboard went the coveted bales of seal skins and arms so mercilessly taken from her victims" . . . and so on. The description here seems good, but it would have been preferable to avoid casting it as speech. Otherwise this is a pleasantly readable book. In fact, it is characteristic of a year that has generally produced a number of readable works on the land and people of Canada—but none of outstanding significance.

PERIODICAL WRITING* *Millar MacLure*

The reviewer of a year's contributions to even a select list of Canadian periodicals may well echo the complaint of William Camden as he began research for his *Elizabeth*, that he "lighted upon great piles and heaps of writings of all sorts, reasonably well digested indeed, in respect of the times, but in regard of the variety of the arguments, very much confused." To set these in order for this year's survey, the materials are considered, with some necessary exceptions, in terms of the traditional classification: literature, history, philosophy, politics, etc. The invidious distinction between "creative" and "non-creative," of which Professor Creighton has justly complained (*UTQ*, April), is not made—in fact I have found no fiction worthy of critical comment, and the passing tribute of the laurel or the bastinado, which is all there is room for here, is not enough for poetry. A survey of this kind cannot of course claim much value as a bibliography; materials are selected to give a general view of the range and quality of periodical writing during the year. On this point the reviewer's ultimate defence must be Burton's: "I am but a smatterer, I confess. Here and there I pull a flower."

Toronto is now an important centre of Coleridge studies, and this fact is recognized in the publication of two complementary articles on the difficult problem of the Coleridge-Wordsworth relationship. Kathleen Coburn, in "Coleridge, Wordsworth and 'the Supernatural'" (*UTQ*, Jan.), provides a careful re-interpretation of the familiar passage from *Biographia Literaria* concerning the "division of labour" proposed for *Lyrical Ballads*, and emphasizes the imaginative subtlety of Coleridge's use of the supernatural; George Whalley, in "Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*: A Portent" (*UTQ*, July), explores the divergence of views between

*The following abbreviations are used: *Can. Art*: *Canadian Art*; *CF*: *Canadian Forum*; *CHR*: *Canadian Historical Review*; *CJEPS*: *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*; *DR*: *Dalhousie Review*; *QQ*: *Queen's Quarterly*; *SN*: *Saturday Night*; *UTQ*: *University of Toronto Quarterly*.

Wordsworth and Coleridge and goes on to evaluate Wordsworth's peculiar powers and shortcomings in more or less Coleridgean terms. Milton studies are represented by contributions from the two chief Canadian Miltonists. A. S. P. Woodhouse's "Theme and Pattern in *Paradise Regained*" (*UTQ*, Jan.) is a close analysis of the superb integration of theme and aesthetic pattern in the poem, in terms of the debate between the self-centred Satan and the God-centred Christ; and A. E. Barker's long review article, "Seven Types of Milton Criticism" (*UTQ*, July), is a masterpiece of compressed argument, in which everything counts, including the suppressed ambiguity of the title. The *artes ignotae* of contemporary literary criticism are resolutely—perhaps too resolutely—eschewed by the classical scholars. Frances Norwood, for example, in "The Magic Pilgrimage of Apuleius" (*Phoenix*, Spring), simply exhibits the variety of pleasures in *Metamorphoses* against the background of the culture of that age; Malcolm F. MacGregor contributes a satisfying analysis of the politics of Thucydides (*Phoenix*, Autumn), asserting that the historian's admiration for Pericles is not to be construed as an aberration from a point of view consistently antidemocratic; and L. A. MacKay, in a new interpretation of Propertius, *El.* I, 16 (*Phoenix*, Spring) conducts an intricate explication in the best tradition of the commentators. Sir Thomas Browne felt that he could "with patience behold the urne and ashes of the Vatican" if he might "recover the perished leaves of Solomon," and one gets the impression that E. M. Butler feels like that about Heine's lost and mutilated *Memoirs* ("Fragments of a Great Confession," *UTQ*, Jan.), of which she attempts a hypothetical reconstruction, on the basis of his other personal effusions and her own intimate knowledge of his times and personality. A. E. Carter's "The Cult of Artificiality" (*UTQ*, July) is a study of the development of the reaction against the romantic ideal of the noble savage into an elaborate cult of the artificial and the decadent, observed in Gautier, Baudelaire, Huysmans and others, with its symbols of the fallen city, the painted whore, the "Bower of Bliss," and so forth. Mr. Carter does not focus his analogies as sharply as these examples suggest, and one might have expected, in his description of Gautier's *Notice* to *Les Fleurs du Mal*, at least a passing reference to *The Waste Land*.

The distinction between the scholarly article and the article of general interest is—or should be—a matter of emphasis not of substance. For example, William Blissett's polite essay on Dylan Thomas (*QQ*, Spring) is richly informative in its suggestions of Dickensian influence, and

Curtis Cate's elegiac notice of Ortega y Gasset (*CF*, June), a thinker incomparably more acute than most of our current prophets, is by no means negligible as an introduction to its subject. But it is distressing to find a niggardly treatment of a big question, for example Gabriel Gersh's "A Novel in Retreat" (*CF*, July), which is a "profile" of an idea. The "profile" technique is, by the way, a most inadequate approach to an author. Short studies of authors tend these days to be either these negligent sketches, in which the subject is made to expose himself like a photographer's client, or little angular inquiries with the invariable title, "Smith *and* Something or Somebody." In J. H. Plumb's "Thomas Babington Macaulay" (*UTQ*, Oct.) we have a fine example of the older tradition of the critical essay, the tradition of Johnson and of Macaulay himself. Mr. Plumb is not afraid to be judicious, to balance Macaulay's virtues and vices in a peremptory sentence, but he knows as well as any concocter of profiles how to emphasize the remark which epitomizes the character of the subject. Witness Macaulay's entry in his diary after visiting the Crystal Palace in 1851: "I was quite dazzled, and I felt as I did upon entering St. Peter's."

Critical essays on Canadian literature are not numerous this year; there is no important study of a Canadian author, with the exception of Alan Brown's article on Gabrielle Roy, in a new magazine, *Tamarack Review*, which is described below. There are good things to be found in reviews, notably in Milton Wilson's review article on *Poets 56* (*CF*, July), and Carlyle King has some intelligent remarks on Pratt (*CF*, April), but, apart from those studies which relate Canadian letters to the development of national culture, for example A. G. Bailey, "Literature and Nationalism after Confederation" (*UTQ*, July), and C. T. Bissell, "Literature in Australia and Canada" (*UTQ*, Jan.), nothing more of interest in the magazines, though it is true that a noisy little controversy over the merits of the Montreal poets Irving Layton and Louis Dudek has been going on since May in the columns of the *Canadian Forum*, with echoes in *Queen's Quarterly*.

Such a controversy, trivial though it may be, at least develops the writers' talent for invective (much decayed generally in our time) and brings literary standards into the forum for instructive debate. The same can hardly be said for the collision of prejudices described in "The Great Winnipeg Controversy" (*Can. Art*, Winter), a renewal of the old quarrel over the public's reaction to non-objective paintings. But there are more reflective treatments of the problem of formal vs. representative composition: Jacques de Tonnancour recounts his re-

action against purely formal values—"I stayed out of my studio for a number of years and lived in my garden"—in a ludicrously titled piece, "Should it be How to Paint or What to Paint" (*Can. Art*, Spring), and Graham McInnes mounts a good-humoured but forceful attack on the abstractionist movement in contemporary Canadian painting (Borduas, Pellon, Riopelle, etc.), with some shrewd observations on its puritanical elements (*Can. Art*, Autumn). This article is called "Has the Emperor Clothes?"—another question-title, though at least allusive. The infection of these abominable titles has spread from the slicks to the "serious" journals. In the realm of music criticism, the most important event is the appearance of a new periodical, the *Canadian Music Journal* (Sackville, N.B.; Editor: Geoffrey Payzant), which appears under the auspices of the Canadian Music Council, an organization described by Sir Ernest MacMillan in a leading article in the first issue. The contributions to this first issue are quite impressive, including a long article, "Johnson's Two Musical Friends—Burney and Hawkins," by Percy A. Scholes, a witty analysis of "the harmonic application of twelve-tone principles" in Schönberg, Webern, and Boulez, by Glenn Gould, and, for the bibliographer of Canadian periodicals, the first of two articles on Canadian music periodicals since 1860, by Helmut Kallman. There have been, astonishingly, seventy-two of these. There is also a section called "Music Education in the Schools," and reviews of newly published scores, records, and books. Perhaps the new journal is attempting to do too much. Sir Ernest MacMillan's interest in Canadian music is further indicated in an able and sympathetic review of the practical problems of Canadian composers, "Some Problems of the Canadian Composer" (*DR*, Summer); John Beckwith, apparently tired of the "Canadian Question" in the arts, begins his "Composers in Toronto and Montreal" (*UTQ*, Oct.) by saying, "In this essay I should like for once to assume that there are composers in Canada and that the musical idioms of our century are more than passing fashions," and proceeds to analyse a few characteristic works by eight composers, most of whom employ the twelve-tone technique.

This question of a Canadian culture—does it exist? what's it like? how can it be encouraged?—which crops up just about everywhere in the periodicals, is of course prominent in any consideration of the theatre, though Milton Wilson, in his annual review of the Stratford productions (*CF*, Aug.) and his temperate but quietly devastating notice of Guthrie's *Tamburlaine* (*CF*, Feb.), avoids, as usual, the chauvinism of most Toronto critics, having his eye on the art and not

the flag. Mavor Moore, in a plea for confident invention and experiment in the Canadian theatre ("A Theatre for Canada," *UTQ*, Oct.) makes the point that "what matters in the long run is not that we are Canadian, but that *because* we are Canadian we have an unparalleled opportunity to contribute something new and vital."

It's a good point, but in order to convince us Mr. Moore has to show that we are not inevitably attached culturally as we are economically to the United States, or sentimentally to Britain. And here we call in the historians.

"The writings of Canadian historians and social scientists supply a candid and painfully revealing record of the development of the colonial mind." So Donald Creighton begins his masterly analysis of the theories of Canadian destiny set forth by his colleagues past and present ("Towards the Discovery of Canada," *UTQ*, April). He observes that whereas the earlier nationalist historians had perceived how the gradual attainment of autonomy within the Commonwealth was complicated by the struggle with the United States for a separate political existence, the next "generation" of scholars imposed upon us the myth of the "North American family" of free nations, released in turn from British imperialism and united in a common destiny. This interpretation of Canadian nationhood was disseminated by the journalist J. W. Dafoe and translated into national policy by W. L. M. King. G. V. Ferguson, in "Likely Trends in Canadian-American Political Relations" (*CJEPS*, Nov.), bears witness also to the powerful influence of this concept, though he finds it now outmoded, and puts in a plea for a distinctively Canadian "culture" in the face of economic absorption by the United States. Professor Creighton goes on to describe, not without irony, the application of the so-called "Frontier Thesis" to the interpretation of Canadian history—another kind of parochialism from which, he says, Canadian scholarship was delivered by H. A. Innis, with his concept of the east-west trading system sustained by British help, and uniting Canada with Atlantic civilization.

Professor Creighton's argument deserves this prominence, not only because of its own merits, but because in the light of his generalizations we can see more clearly the sources of the obvious present preoccupation of Canadian scholars and journalists with Canadian-American relations. Mr. Ferguson, in the article noted above, envisions even closer integration of Canadian and American enterprise, and some Canadian writers have begun a significant massing of statistics behind the undefended border. G. E. Britnell provides an urbane survey of the possible long-

run consequences of American farm policies on the economy and political future of western Canada ("The Implications of United States Policy for the Canadian Wheat Economy," *CJEPS*, Feb.); J. Douglas Gibson, in "The Changing Influence of the United States on the Canadian Economy" (*CJEPS*, Nov.), makes two important points, that American investment in Canada makes the economy of the United States dependent on Canada too, and that the irritations arising from current American commercial policy are fostering a strong Canadian nationalistic feeling and should force the formulation of a national economic policy. How convincing these arguments would sound in the ears of those who have read Peter Newman's "Who Really Owns Canada?" (*Maclean's*, June 9) it is hard to say; this article is a popular and, to the layman at least, disturbing presentation of the same statistics surveyed by C. D. Blyth and E. B. Carty in "Non-Resident Ownership of Canadian Industry" (*CJEPS*, Nov.). On the problems of sovereignty raised by the joint-defence programme in the far North, there is Ralph Allen's "Will the Dewline Cost Canada its Northland?" (*Maclean's*, May 26), admittedly a scare story, but a scare story from a very able journalist who has been over the ground.

Meanwhile the historians, economic and political, continue their special studies in the formation of the nation. Gordon Blake's "The Customs Administration in Canadian Historical Development" (*CJEPS*, Nov.) is an interesting interpretation of pre-Confederation history in terms of the problems, geographical, economic, and political, of collecting the customs in an area developing from colonial to national status. There are two studies of Canadian politics in the post-John A. period by John T. Saywell: the first, with H. Blair Neatby, "Chapleau and the Conservative Party in Quebec" (*CHR*, March), turns on the dilemma of Joseph Adolphe Chapleau, "a national politician representing a minority group," and the second, "The Crown and the Politicians: The Canadian Succession Question, 1891–1896" (*CHR*, Dec.), tells the extraordinarily complicated story of the relations of Lord (and Lady) Aberdeen with the Conservative leaders during that critical period in the fortunes of the party. Progressive Conservative strategists might read these articles with profit, not unmixed with melancholy, and then go on to take some advice from W. R. Graham ("Can the Conservatives Come Back?" *QQ*, Winter), advice which they need more than ever since they have chosen their new leader. In the matter of elections, D. Hugh Gillis finds in the campaigns fought between 1877 and 1891 in Antigonish County a striking example of the intermingling of the sacred and the

secular: "The clergy in Canada have never stood too distantly apart from the political fray" ("Sir John Thompson's Elections," *CHR*, March), and a similar theme is explored by John Meisel in his report on a study of religious affiliation and electoral behaviour in two elections (1953, 1955), based on a sampling of voters in the Kingston area (*CJEPS*, Nov.).

The federal election belongs to 1957; the Middle East crisis became explosive in 1956, and by the way blew up many a wise conclusion and sober forecast. There is still instruction, however, in some articles on the Middle East in *International Affairs*. Of these the most illuminating is Elie Salem's "Syrian Aspirations and Realities" (Autumn), which traces the troubles there back to the betrayal of Syrian nationalism after World War I; "Egypt under Nasser," by F. R. C. Bagley (Summer), makes a good deal of the beginnings of domestic reform under Nasser's rule; and C. M. Woodhouse, in "Cyprus and the Middle Eastern Crisis" (Winter), does something to define more clearly the concept of *enosis*. But on the whole, one finds these contributions to the problem somewhat unsatisfying: there is in fact no "middle view" of the Middle East; it is either the source of diurnal irritation or the field of Armageddon. Canada's part in the formation of the United Nations Middle East force has been given much prominence in the press, but there will be little enthusiasm for the world organization aroused by such articles as R. A. MacKay's "Canada and the United Nations" (*DR*, Summer), written in the platitudinous jargon which seems to be the only way to speak of—or in—the UN. In a sense the UN has only a rhetorical existence.

This article is public relations, PR, the opium of the people. Adrian Liddell Hart complains, from the newspaperman's point of view, of the doctoring of the news releases by PR mouthpieces of modern government ("Behind World Headlines," *SN*, Mar. 17); perhaps a more serious threat to the development of an informed public opinion is the use of the television techniques of mass anaesthesia in conducting a political campaign. The functions and possibilities of the mass media in our society constitute a topic of pressing interest, and there is much on this theme in the periodicals. The Summer issue of *Queen's Quarterly*, for example, contains a symposium on TV and the humanities, "Is Television a Threat?", the contributors being Neil Morrison, who speaks optimistically of the potentialities of TV in providing mass entertainment at a high cultural level, André Laurendeau, who deals with the problems of TV in relation to *la survivance française*, and Robin Harris, who describes the co-operation of the CBC and the universities in

developing the "extension" services of the modern university. Mr. Morrison notes that "on a reasonably conservative estimate, Canadians are spending right now between 125 and 150 million man-hours a week watching television." This appalling figure should be kept in mind when reading "If I Ran the CBC" (*Maclean's*, April 14), a long, amusing, well-edited conversation from the tape of a panel discussion among thirteen "TV personalities," on the problems of financing and programming the mass media in Canada. Among other delights, this piece contains one of the trickiest statements of the year, by Lister Sinclair: "This is a democracy, and one of the principles of democracy is that everybody should be allowed what they want. Not that everybody should have what most people want." Mr. Sinclair demolished his opponent with this boomerang.

The panel discussion and the interview are growing in esteem as forms of exposition. *Maclean's*, during 1956, has published panels on child-rearing, schools (inevitably), cancer, and women. The panel discussion, televised or not, should not be mistaken for a symposium, nor should the interview be confused with conversation, which it treasonably imitates. But these forms reflect "the multiple perspectives of modern art," the discontinuous barrage of sensation which attacks the contemporary consciousness. The quoted phrase is E. S. Carpenter's, from a contribution to the *Maclean's* feature, "For the Sake of Argument," with the title "Grammar is Snobbish Nonsense" (*Maclean's*, Jan. 5/57), which neatly illustrates the militant aspect of *Explorations* (University of Toronto; Editor: E. S. Carpenter), a journal initially the offspring of a Ford Foundation seminar in communications, now underwritten by the Toronto *Telegram*. In the *Maclean's* piece, Professor Carpenter makes the following statement: "Radio, film and TV have smashed print's monopoly of English and set it free to become once more an oral language." Also, "Print's domination of thought has come tumbling down like the walls of Jericho." This is (not accidentally) reminiscent of the latest collection of *sutra* by H. M. McLuhan, which have appeared in *Explorations* since its inception, for example, "The Media Fit the Battle of Jericho" (*Exp.* 6), and which constitute the "log" of ideas on this voyage into strange seas of thought almost alone. Professor McLuhan proclaims the "end of the Gutenberg era," and the implicit *raison d'être* of *Explorations* is the formation of a new multiple grammar of communications, emancipated from the restraints of book-culture. Its explicit purpose is stated on its title-page: "We envisage a series that will cut across the humanities and social sciences by treating

them as a continuum. We believe that anthropology and communications are approaches, not bodies of data." This relativist and eclectic attitude of the editors has resulted in an impressive collection of contributions over six issues, sometimes exasperating, often exciting, among which we may well give special notice to studies of methods of communications among primitive tribes by means of gongs and other aural, visual, and tactile stimuli, since we seem to be rapidly returning to the common use of these devices. The emphasis is, in the largest definition, anthropological: there are essays by authorities on all aspects of the science of man. One source of inspiration for the series is, of course, the later studies of H. A. Innis, who, as McLuhan has put it, "shifted his attention from the trade-routes of the external world to the trade-routes of the mind." Another source is Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. The quasi-religious character of the incidental matter in these volumes should not be permitted to distract the reader from the richly suggestive lines of thought explored by both contributors and editors, notably the speculations on the space-time concepts of modern man.

"The end of book culture" should mean the end of the Protestant era, since Protestantism is the religion of the Book. It is true that the cover of the *Canadian Journal of Theology* looks like a discreet but expensive tombstone, but the contributors within are not apparently aware of their fate. Theologians are concerned too, in their way, with "communications"; with them, the heart of the matter is the *kerygma*, the proclamation of the Gospel. In this connection, David W. Hay defines some of many uses of the expression "Word of God" in Scripture (July), and W. Morrison Kelly, in the same issue, points out that the proclamation of the Word involves an interpretation of the relation of the supernatural to historical event, and also a summons to men to enter the redeemed community, the *ecclesia*. Eugene R. Fairweather's "Christian Theology and the Bible" (April)is a critique of "biblical theology" and a plea for liberty of prophesying, and R. H. L. Slater's "Christian Attitudes to other Religions" (Oct.) returns to that old question of Tertullian, "What has Athens to do with Jerusalem?" in terms appropriate to the twentieth-century meeting of east and west. It will be observed that all these writers are concerned, in one way or another, with the Word in the world. Theodore O. Wedel, in " 'The Church' in North America" (Jan.), undertakes an analogous inquiry, but at another level and with much less impressive results. He attempts to invoke the spirit if not the letter of a programme for re-definition of *ecclesia* in the midst of North American "denominational pluralism," and seems to

suggest some sort of compromise between Catholic "institutionalism" and the spirit of free pentecostal assemblies.

But the church of suburbia is the school, standing with its acres of glass and its theology of salvation by adjustment, like the medieval cathedral in the midst of the community. I owe this analogy to F. H. Underhill, who develops it sardonically in his review of *Crestwood Heights* (*CHR*, Sept.). "A terrifying picture," he observes. Just how terrifying it is may be gathered from "Clergymen, Teachers, and Psychiatrists: A Study in Roles and Socialization," by Kaspar D. Naegele (*CJEPS*, Feb.), a report, couched in the dismal jargon of the sociologists, on the "mediating role" of these classes of persons in "socialization." And though the intemperate disputes which whirled about Professor Neatby have ceased to trouble the journals, there are still voices raised in anxious condemnation of the "erosion of the academic curriculum" in the high schools; the phrase is from William James Hall, "The High School Assault on Learning" (*SN*, Oct. 13). Mr. Hall touches on the point where the attack on progressive education meets the present problem of providing skilled technical and managerial personnel in an expanding automation-bent society. We are informed, for example, that 50 per cent of American high schools offer no mathematics. The universities are of course preoccupied with the insistent demand for specialists in relation to the expected large increases in enrolment. J. A. Irving contributes a survey of the situation ("The Crisis in the Colleges," *SN*, March 31), and makes the suggestion that private enterprise should contribute, not sporadically but in a regular way, to the costs of higher education. The most comprehensive treatment of educational problems and practices which appeared in Canada in 1956 is the special section on education in the *University of Toronto Quarterly* for January. The contributions are too numerous and, one hopes, too well known to be discussed here. The presidential address to the National Conference of Canadian Universities, by W. P. Thompson, President of the University of Saskatchewan (*QQ*, Winter), is a witty—and practical—account of the trials and rewards of the university president, the person whose function, as our society belatedly understands, is to integrate the intellectual and the imaginative life of the community with the arts of survival, the most difficult task of all.

The university is a microcosm of the community, but at the same time what St. Paul called a "stumbling block" to the community spirit. Those who would make the university a cultural influence only, a kind of bland seasoning in the great common lump, plot its extinction. So

long as the works of the mind flourish in the university, with all the freedom of a Socratic conversation, there is hope. The speculative function belongs traditionally to the philosophers, who are well, if not largely, represented in this year's periodical literature. F. H. Anderson, in "Plato's Aesthetics Reconsidered" (*UTQ*, July), displays his characteristic gift of compressed but luminous exposition of a traditional philosophical problem, while Terence Penelhum ("Faith, Fact and Philosophy," *UTQ*, Oct.) undertakes a critique of religious statements in the light of linguistic analysis, taking a position somewhat to the left (or is it right) of the logical positivists. Professor Penelhum's challenge to the theologians to satisfy the linguistic analysts as to the "meaning" of theological terms of reference is perhaps easier to meet than he thinks. The philosophic habit of mind, supported by a vivid historical sense, produces occasionally such a result as George Grant's "The Uses of Freedom" (*QQ*, Winter), which is the most satisfying article of the year. Professor Grant contemplates the process by which the Protestant ethic of changing the world "gradually lost all reference to the transcendent and became a worldly reformism which in turn becomes ever more a democratic hedonism." Putting Dewey in his place, almost by accident with his left hand, he advances an argument which, however irritating it may be to those who have an intellectual vested interest in the idea of a progressive society, is a major contribution to the history of North American ideas.

We record here the demise of one literary periodical and the birth of another. The untimely death of John Sutherland, editor of *Northern Review*, has been noticed elsewhere in Canadian periodicals, and his devoted and important contribution to Canadian letters, as editor, critic, and poet, suitably praised. The last issue of his magazine, edited and in its best parts written from the Stryker frame to which he was confined during his last illness, remains a monument to a heroic enterprise.

Mr. Hugo McPherson has contributed the following notice of the *Tamarack Review* (39 Charles St. W., Toronto; Editors: Kildare Dobbs, Millar MacLure, Ivon Owen, William Toye, Robert Weaver, Anne Wilkinson).

The arrival, on schedule, of the *Tamarack Review* took by surprise both the messianic idealists and the waiting world-weary, for it was neither a squalling voice of protest nor a miraculous infant, too beautiful to live. Instead (curious phenomenon among "little magazines") it was a healthy, unmistakably intelligent newcomer of gratifying weight and cheerful disposition. When the initial shock of its failure to be an out-

sider, and the initial disappointment that it aimed solely at allowing people to "say something well" had passed, readers discovered that it was alert and literate and ubiquitous. It revealed Ethel Wilson as a charming essayist; it published an audacious piece by Brian Moore; it ranged from a penetrating study of Gabrielle Roy's imaginative world to an elegant review of *The Letters of Edward Gibbon*. Undoubtedly the *Tamarack* does need an identifiable character, but character is something that *develops*. Having seen "full-grown" Canadian reviews wilt in the first summer of their discontent, we await with confidence the young *Tamarack*'s unfolding.

PUBLICATIONS IN FRENCH

W. E. Collin

The keynote of this year's literature is social revolt. The stage is set for it by the authors of *La Grève de l'amiante* (Montréal, Edns Cité Libre, xviii, 430 pp.). Ten social thinkers meditate on as many aspects of the strike of workers in the asbestos mines which occurred in 1949. All agree that the strike, during which the workers clashed not only with employers but also with the Duplessis administration, was an important step forward in the rise to power of organized labour in the province. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, lawyer, economist, and editor of the magazine *Cité libre,* leads the group with a description of "the province of Quebec at the moment of the strike." Then follow chapters on the financial history of the asbestos industry, the history of trade unionism, the role of newspapers in reporting the strike, and the attitude of the government and the Church in the conflict. M. Trudeau's introduction is actually a history of the social conscience of Quebec from the beginning of the industrial revolution, some fifty years ago. His main thesis is that during this half century social thinking has been out of touch with the facts of the situation. "A whole people has been led by the force of things to live on one plane while all our intellectual and moral disciplines inclined it to live on another." Most of his fire is centred on "official social thinking"—a compound of ancestor worship, a sense of "Providential mission," authoritarianism, and xenophobia—which nourishes the thought of politicians, ecclesiastics, and nationalists alike. In this exercise he reveals new traits or mannerisms of the official mind. "Theological sabotage" is the process whereby the ecclesiastical mind outlaws a non-Catholic political party—the C.C.F., for example—on the grounds of incompatibility with nationalist doctrine. "Mimetism" is a term M. Trudeau uses to denote the time lag between the operation

of social legislation in other provinces and its adoption in Quebec. Under the category of leadership M. Trudeau points to certain nationalist workers' unions which exclude Protestants and follow the direction of a "chaplain." Lastly, he demonstrates the reactionary nature and shortsightedness of official social thinking in Quebec by setting it against Catholic thinking in France. He quotes the Bishop of Chartres as saying that "the new Christianity will not be a clerical but a lay Christianity" whose institutions will develop "truly human values." For the last fifty years, M. Trudeau concludes, the forces dominating Quebec society have been industrial forces and the state cannot govern unless it takes these forces into account. In an appendix Jean Paul Geoffroy remarks that what binds the workers together is a "collective conception of justice." The working class is particularly sensitive on this point. "It has always suffered injustice; its very status is the fact of injustice." Ecclesiastical opinion, he notes, has come to see that "capitalism exploits the worker who is insufficiently protected by our legislation."

It was to reassure Catholic workers who might feel tempted to seek protection in international unions that M. Alfred Charpentier wrote *L'Orientation des relations pationales ouvrières* (Montréal, Chantecler, viii, 244 pp.). The aim of these articles is to draw men away from "neuter syndicalism," a "mechanical conception" tending towards centralization, and to direct them to "Catholic syndicalism," an "organic conception," which he considers to be morally healthy, politically independent, educative, and socially constructive.

II

The new features of the social revolt are dramatized in a novel by Jean Jules Richard entitled *Le Feu dans l'amiante* (Montréal, chez l'auteur, 287 pp., $1.00). This writer made himself a reputation with his eye-witness description of the fighting in Normandy. This new work is proletarian art after the manner of Zola. We almost breathe the asbestos dust which fills every nook and cranny in this asbestos town of Johnsonville. In the homes of the workers we watch nervous mothers beat their children; we accompany workers along streets patrolled by provincial policemen; we go into cafés and hear disgruntled workers speak of Catholic syndicates managed by priests and women. We see the electric effect on the people of *Le Devoir*'s report on the inhuman conditions of the workers. We realize how ignorant and simple these people are; how pitiful the fate of this docile race in a capitalist world.

To demonstrate the injury caused to the lungs by inhaling asbestos dust one worker cuts out a piece of a dead man's lung and displays it to a group of townsfolk. Not dust only, but a sullen tone hangs over all this story: "There are three things against the worker in the province of Quebec. There are the companies with their big money. There is the government. There are the priests. Why do they force us to remain in the Catholic Syndicates when we could be better off in the large unions and protected, if it isn't just to keep the control? The priests soften us, the government is at our throats and the companies bleed us." It smothers everything, including the halo of martyrdom that Richard puts around the worker's head as he wearily climbs the mountain of dust, as Christ climbed the hill of Calvary.

André Langevin, in *Poussière sur la ville* (1953), used an asbestos town as the site of a revolution in cultural values and, in the struggle between deadly respectability and lusty vitality, created a sort of existential primitivism. Our duty as men is to act in a manly fashion trying to undo the injustice of God. *Le Temps des hommes* (Montréal, Le Cercle du Livre de France, 233 pp.) is the same outcry of innocent man enlarged and deepened by association with the suffering of Job. Langevin's man is an orphan. "I was in an orphanage till I was fifteen," says Gros Louis, and Pierre Dupas, one of the leading characters, lost his father when he was two and his mother ten years later. A priest paid Dupas's way through the seminary where he learned to detach himself from men, where "the words suffering, sin, soul were lighted with violent and sombre colours." An orphan is a lonely man without a home, without dignity, a humiliated man, and Langevin's story, which is set among the woodcutters working for the Scott Power and Paper Company, is an attempt to break down the walls of loneliness and reach the plane of brotherhood. Gros Louis, boss of a gang of lumberjacks, is killed by Laurier for making love to Yolande, his wife, and Laurier asks Dupas, commonly called "the priest": "The bush is a good place to hide. What are you doing here? Priests don't usually live alone in the woods. Is there a crime in your life? If we were alike in this we would be a pair."

Dupas replies with the story of his life. When he was a priest he was called to a home where he found a mother, her "heart worn out by daily familiarity with inevitable injustice," watching over her dying boy. "He cannot die," she cried. "He's only twelve. He hasn't done anything. He has gone to mass almost every day. You'll save him. It's not true that he's going to die." In that moment the priest knew suffering in his

blood and bones and called on God: "If Thou art God heal this child who has not sinned." But the boy died and the priest said: "I do not believe in the redemption any more. I believe in injustice." He took sides with the boy against God and fled into the bush, where he shared the labours of other men and tried to know them. He would "go to God by way of men." As with Malraux, fraternity is known only to those who have killed a man. But what Dupas kills is the God of dogma. "I will follow you wherever you go," he says to Laurier. "Man's justice is no business of mine. I will follow you because you need me and because it is my duty to answer your need." Laurier thinks he should return to see Yolande, but on the way he and Dupas are overtaken by a blizzard. Laurier dies and Dupas, at the end, is lying abed, his feet frozen to the ankles, in the care of Martha, Yolande's sister. What strikes us at moments is the metaphysical language, which reminds us of certain contemporary French novelists. But Langevin's technique owes a good deal to gangster literature and "Western" movies. The innocent world of primitive instincts that he sets against a world of dead moralities is a world of bars, immoral women, juke-box music, and violence where power is represented by a man with a gun. But the violent and sombre colours in the words suffering, sin, and soul fall from overcast, Quebec skies.

The same may be said of Claire France's *Les Enfants qui s'aiment* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 254 pp.). It is a story of adolescent love by a young Canadian writer (whose real name is Claire Morin) and Annick, the heroine, is a Canadian girl attending school in Paris. She becomes enamoured of a French boy, André, whose parents properly and wisely transfer him to a boarding school where, they hope, he will apply himself to his studies and forget Annick. We may be deceived by the charming simplicity of the style but not by the purity of the girl's affection, her conscience, and her habit of mixing God with her love affair. Between her reactions and André's Annick discovers important differences. He embraced her as a young man would, not as a boy. What for him was an instructive adventure of instincts was, for her, shame. While he loved with body and soul she wanted to confine her feeling for him within the exclusive domain of pure affection. She felt a joy in discovering that she was a woman but she wanted to love him as a child. All she could do was to say farewell to her child-like love and carry back to Canada a homesickness for the purifying freshness of a virgin heart.

Turning to the three novels that were awarded the Prix du Cercle du Livre de France we shall first consider the one that presents the least

structural difficulty. Jean Simard's *Mon Fils pourtant heureux* (Le Cercle du Livre de France, 228 pp.) is less a novel than an autobiography or, as the author himself suggests, an "examination of conscience." We remember M. Simard as a humorist who, in his earlier works, *Félix* and *Hôtel de la Reine*, took delight in debunking nationalist myths. A critical spirit is still alive in this new book, in the person of the father, but the humour has turned a little sour. M. Navarin, the father, has no use for a civilization which is embalmed in the dust of ages. When the trades unions first began to clamour he expressed the indignation of his class in a word: "Really! How these workers exaggerate!" Between M. Navarin, who looked at Canadian history through Voltairian eyes, and Madame Navarin, who "saw all things in conventional colours," there was a loveless gap. At school, where they teach "a religion which bids us love each other," Fabrice Navarin, the son, noticed "the distance which separates precept from reality." Here a terrible feeling of inferiority paralysed his movements; he lived in fear and his one idea was to slip out and be forgotten. What he detested most at school was the feeling of restraint fostered by religious instruction tainted with Jansenism. "Any allusion to happiness aroused suspicion, a stale smell of sin," and he alarmed his parents when he flirted with girls. He became a professor of Greek and argued against the desirability of studying dead languages in the world in which we live. He went abroad and, at Paris, suffered an experience like St. Paul's on the road to Damascus. He felt like an infant in an adult world. A glaring light played on his inner spiritual desert and he was seized with despair. Once again in Canada it was a simple matter to choose between a philosophy of the absurd, which is a suicide's cry, and a cosmic philosophy affirming that the universe is capable of giving us hope. Like a prodigal he knelt at the feet of a priest and received absolution.

A different pattern of salvation is prescribed in Maurice Gagnon's *L'Echéance* (Le Cercle du Livre de France, 283 pp.). The title belongs to the vocabulary of the business world and the hero, like the author himself, is an industrialist. Julien Harcourt, president of Harcourt Industries, is a pioneer in the tool-making industry; he owns town and country homes, employs 1,500 workers in his factory, and is loved by everybody. Nevertheless he is afflicted with spiritual loneliness. Doctors know that his spells of pain are due to a cerebral tumour; but the tumour is also a symbol of his inner suffering. Though married and in his fifties, he falls in love with an artist in her twenties, Dominique. In her world—a timeless world in which there is neither past nor future,

just the living present—he finds again the irresponsible freedom of his youth. He is loved in his turn by his secretary, Simone, and the most pathetic passages in this book are selections from a diary kept by Simone in which she confesses her love. The meaning of this work, in which business and love are interwoven, is given by an overarching philosophy born of fear, pain, loneliness, and the knowledge that in this life things eventually fall due. With the assurance of Dominique's abiding love Julien answers the surgeon's call, saying: "Yes. I'm ready."

The most difficult of the three novels is Eugène Cloutier's *Les Inutiles* (Le Cercle du Livre de France, 202 pp.), as M. Cloutier uses techniques borrowed from the science of abnormal psychology. He speaks of an "ethic of the useless" and brings a twentieth-century man on to the stage and asks him what he lives by—love, friendship, the eternal human elements—in a world of unlimited ambition, a world of material values, the beauty of machinery. The man Cloutier presents is the artist, who is a rebel, a good-for-nothing, useless in a society to which he cannot adjust himself and from which he is tempted to escape. This picture is a simplification of Cloutier's art because in the book there are three characters who together constitute the artist. Jean wears a Roman collar and functions as the sacerdotal conscience of the artist; it protects him against woman. His friend Antoine is disguised as a policeman; his function is obvious. And Julien, who marries Danièle and settles down to business, suggests the will to adjust to society. What matters is the variety and power of the insights and tones, the tragic irony, sarcasm, and cynicism Cloutier produces by means of this psychic machinery. "Art," says Cloutier somewhere, "is but one aspect of man and not the least. It has the formidable mission of making him forget his tragic destiny."

A few words will suffice to indicate the significance of the remaining novels. One of them, the work of a medical man, Bertrand Vac, has no particular country. This author has turned from social satire and used his knowledge of hospital life to create detective fiction. Light-fingered and humorous he strews the stage of *L'Assassin dans l'hôpital* (Montréal, Le Cercle du Roman Policier, 190 pp., $1.00) with as many corpses as we see in *Hamlet*. The others have roots in French-Canadian experience. M. A. Grégoire-Coupal's *La Fiancée du Charpentier* (Montréal, Fides, 111 pp.) is a series of stories depicting the life of the Virgin Mary. The twins in Hélène Flamme's *Claude et Claudine* (Fides, 128 pp.) return from Paris, where they went to be educated, and realize that Montreal is their homeland. This writing has none of the

charm we found in the work of Claire France. Albert Laurent's *L'Epopée tragique* (Beauchemin, 255 pp.) is historical fiction drawn from the inexhaustible fountain of racial bitterness known as the expulsion of the Acadians.

III

Claude Fournier, born 1931, sounds the poet's cry of revolt. Having read Freud, Marx, Kierkegaard and, especially, Kafka, he sees progress as a legend of centuries of "black misery" under a heaven that keeps its gates closed to callers. Men are prisoners; they find it difficult to breathe within "the bars of the imprisoned thorax." Men are galley-slaves, "rowers in despair upon an ocean of hard labour"; digits in a long sum that do not count; hands holding green backs; dreams shattered by electric alarms. The times are out of joint; the parts of man's machinery cannot be assembled again. "Il est facile d'entendre et de voir à travers ce peuple calciné, mais il n'est plus d'assemblage possible. Les yeux ne s'insèrent pas dans les cavités, les jointures se méprisent et le grand appareil de l'homme cherche inutilement les deux pièces par lesquelles enfin il aurait pu commencer."

The prose poems in *Le Ciel fermé* (Collection les Matinaux; Montréal, Edns de l'Hexagone, unnumbered) are blasphemous outbursts directed against the priests of the industrial order:

> Je voudrais que soit emportée la ferraille des ponts de péage entre Dieu et les hommes; que chaque genou d'enfant devienne l'étau d'un prêtre; que la balle perdue des prières retrouve, meurtrière, l'âme des croyants en délire;

or against a God that must be killed as men are killed:

> Tu demandes pourquoi il faut tuer? S'arracher à la folie du ciel? Traîner Dieu par les cheveux dans ses chemins de Damas. Et boire. Le vomir en buvant avec le désespoir; lui raconter des histoires de crucifié, des histoires à boire!
> Le fouetter lentement et lui verser dans les plaies des hommes morts. Les hommes morts depuis deux mille ans de peine.

The world Fournier lives in is full of terror. The new thrill this young poet contributes as he joins the caravan of blasphemers is a sensation of terrifying depths. The power of his anger is matched with a marvellous power to create imagery of cosmic dimensions. Fournier's loneliness is residence in a strange country where natives bind their enemies to trees under the ironic light of comets. It is the "beneficent loneliness" of a factory worker on the assembly line, of a man who "has entered into the cold chain of stellar pulsations," of a serious man sailing up-

stream in a Freudian boat towards "the original source" for shelter. Existence is a cosmic nightmare, "an abyss lighted by stars and peopled with haughty rocks . . . and men moving slowly, clutching the deep side-walls of existence."

Any man who recognizes the endless suffering, the loneliness, the absurdity of life must be tempted to leave it. Suicide—a theme of the novel by Cloutier which we have already discussed—is a problem that is implicit in existentialist thinking. Poets often resolve the problem by imagining ways of escape. Baudelaire popularized the "voyage"; Apollinaire the "flight." André Pierre Boucher calls his poems *Fuites intérieures* (Montréal, Edns d'Orphée, 95 pp., $1.00). He speaks of "a sweetness of evasion" and "the precise nostalgia of the voyages we dream."

> Nous marcherions dans les algues sèches
> poussés par les vents de mer et mêlés aux oiseaux
> en se fabriquant des barques d'aurore
> avec tes soleils
>
> Le monde finirait avec nos voyages
>
> Seuls nos pas lascifs
> danseraient sur les sables
> la nostalgie précise des voyages qu'on rêve.

We find in Georges Cartier's *Laves et neiges* (Montréal, unnumbered) a potent disgust, often expressed in Canadian symbols. The snow fields of Quebec are "plaintive elegies." The association of lava and snow suggests frustration. Sterility is suggested by trees which are "long skeletons of old fish." "They will dry their sap under the axe of my revolt." Life is a caravan vainly dragging itself through "a vast, horizontal country strewn with ruins and magnificent bones of dead men."

> Le soleil parmi le sable et l'effritement de la colonne mouvante.
> Ce pays vaste, horizontal, où l'homme ignore le halte du désir et l'escale de sa soif . . .
> Ce pays vaste, horizontal, tout parsemé de ruines et d'ossements magnifiques,
> Douloureux monuments lourds à la gloire de morts volontaires!

In *Obscure navigation du temps* he pictures man's condition after he has made the voyage of life. Baudelaire's old captain, Death, is a poet standing before the mast, "fixed in the deck until his final erection on the highest rock in the desert place of the resurrection of bodies."

For Louise Pouliot, who was born in Gaspé, 1933, the sea is life. Her senses are doors opening on to the sea, *Portes sur la mer* (Collection les Matinaux; Editions de l'Hexagone, unnumbered). She is sensuous

in a new key of salt water, sand, seagulls, and morning spray. Life is a sea-man she knew when she was a child, a man going to sea. The sea, when she is away from it, is eternal life. When she possesses it, ideally, her body is pure and childlike.

> Quand nos corps seront nus nous saurons la puissance
> des visages perdus
> et nous les recréerons
> quand nos mains délivrées posséderont la terre
> quand nos yeux seront purs
> et que nos pas d'enfant retrouveront la Mer

Most of the young poets we have been considering appear under the imprint of the Hexagone, a group directed by Gaston Miron. Rina Lasnier, whose latest collection of poems, *Présence de l'absence* (Edns de l'Hexagone, 71 pp.), is published by the same group, has a fairly long list of publications to her name. She has discovered a new instrument. The power of tree symbolism to express her passionate thought may be judged from this poem:

Le catalpa

Quand je n'aurai plus ces corolles ocellées de sang
Pour rassurer son regard pareil à une brassée de fleurs,
Quand je serai écimé de ma floraison qui la voulait vêtir d'odeurs,
Quand je n'aurai plus complicité avec le vent
Pour avorter l'épine liée à ma feuille cordée,
Quand je serai enfin cette torche noire alimentée de son fiel,
Quand je n'aurai plus que la désolation de mes bras chargés d'épées;
Quand sera passé pour elle le temps des entrailles fromenteuses,
Et quand sera venu le temps du noeud incorruptible,
Quand elle ne voudra plus pour gîte qu'un cœur dévasté,
Je la verrai debout sous l'averse de mes glaives,
Je verrai ses larmes convoiter la blessure et le fruit
Et dans la blanche fiancée je consommerai l'épouse de sang.

Some poets meet the challenge of absurdity with a reaffirmation of life. This is Reginald Boisvert's response in *Le Temps de vivre* (Edns Cité Libre, 44 pp., $1.00). He pictures an old dispensation and a new. We have been dead, he seems to say, now it is time to live. We were children who refused to wake up in springtime, our arms like bare branches unaware of leaves and garden, as though an absent-minded God had neglected to work his miracle. Girls did not make love; they dreamed someone knocked, but they did not go to the window to see. There was a wall between the desire and the act. It was night and there was no joy. Now there is a return of life. In his best poem, "La vie

rendue," Boisvert pictures a new Christian man. There is a rumour along the highways of bursting rocks and living waters. Spring is always marvellous. Fishermen hear a cry on the lake shore and a new message on the mountain: "Behold my body, this matter, nothing of me is left in darkness." Light appeared; there was an eye to see and muscles to spring into action. God, who had been a dream of nails and bitter lance, opened himself like a book and the words, which he knew as his own, called the poet outside into a new climate of perfumes and books where "everything begins" and "nothing is lost but dread."

The poets of the Erta group directed by Roland Giguère employ surrealist techniques. In *Le Sommeil et la neige* (Collection Mandragore; Montréal, Edns Erta, unnumbered, $1.50) Claude Haeffely creates a new world in seven days: a dream world of snow, silence, night, loneliness, and terror. Radar screens give a new Arctic effect to brilliant visions first seen by Nerval and Rimbaud. Nervalian synaesthesia is the structural feature of Théodore Koenig's *Le Jardin zoologique* (Collection de la Tête Armée; Edns Erta, 1954, unnumbered, $1.50) where biology, botany, and music fuse together. While listening to Claude Gauvreau's dialogues, *Sur fil métamorphose* (Collection de la Tête Armée; Edns Erta, 55 pp., $1.75), we are transported to a Nervalian world of marvellous transformations where we witness the mystery of man's brotherhood with the stars.

In presenting the work of a young poet, Paul Andrinet, M. Guy Boulizon remarked: "Those who, at a later date, will study the principal phenomena which characterize the present years of the Republic of Letters in Canada will certainly note the efflorescence of young Canadian poetry in the French language. Here is revealed what is most personal, living, and attractive in the younger generations." Last year we found fifteen young poets at the Collège Sainte-Marie, Montreal. Three of them, J. André Contant, Guy Gervais, and Pierre Desjardins have collected a few of their new poems and published them under the title of *Veilloches* (Edns de la Cascade, 92 pp., $2.00), a real Canadian title, haycocks, suggesting "the embarrassing harvest of their twenty summers." We learn that in 1954 a Union of Young Writers was founded. They held monthly meetings, engaged in discussions, collected a library and, under the imprint of Editions Nocturne, published the writings of their members. One such brochure, *Premières Offrandes*, contains poems and pieces of prose by nineteen of them. Paul Andrinet is a member of this group. The poems in his *Mélodies sur cordes libres* (Montréal, Edns de l'Atelier, 80 pp., $1.25) are "sad melodies," "sad

waltzes," rhythms of "an orphaned heart," a "mute symphony of helpless puppets." "I want to be a child again," he says. Yet he speaks of "the flowers of his twenty years dancing under a cascade of happiness." He has a pretty poem about a virgin in a cloister and another about "the last poet in the night" who with lyre in hand sings a song of death and falls dead in the snow. Tears, sobs, dreams, and heartbreaks seem to be the lot of these young poets. For Roger Viau "all roads are empty of hope and lead nowhere." The anger and violence of Monic Nadeau arrest us. "We rebels," she cries. "My life is revolution mixed with prayer." Her poems are an urchin's sobs: *Sanglots de rue* (Edns Nocturne, 74 pp., $1.50). She is disgusted with the ugliness and filth in the world—the world has buried the beautiful and stars are tears—and yet she rebels against weakness and defeatism.

Fides, the well-known Montreal publishing house, has begun to issue a "collection of Canadian classics." They are small paperbacks containing about a hundred pages of text and should be very useful in the schools. Four of these brochures have appeared: *Frontenac, Champlain, Crémazie*, and *Saint-Denys Garneau*. The two poets are presented by Michel Dassonville and Father Benoît Lacroix respectively. The American magazine *Origin*, edited by Cid Corman (XVIII, winter-spring, 1956), featured "new Canadian poetry." In this galaxy of poems, chosen for the occasion by Irving Layton, three French-Canadian poets are represented: Pierre Trottier by one poem, translated by F. R. Scott; Gilles Hénault and Roland Giguère by two each, translated by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull.

IV

"These two nations," wrote Voltaire, "are fighting over a few acres of snow, on the borders of Canada and they spend more money on this glorious war than the whole of Canada is worth." That was the view of a critical if irreligious French mind at the time. What we have in M. Guy Frégault's *La Guerre de la conquête* (Fides, 1955, 518 pp., $5.00) is the vision of a French-Canadian historian, on the spot but 200 years distant from the fight, when the very word "Canada" has no longer the same meaning. The one saw an expensive struggle over something worthless; the other sees a great event of vital significance. "The war which led to the capitulation of Canada in 1760 and, three years later, its transference to Great Britain, constitutes the most important fact in our history." M. Frégault's historical method is the fruit of a lived ex-

perience, the core of which is a sensitive awareness of an injury to one's personal dignity. Instead of seeing snow, the negation of value, Frégault feels the pulse of Canadian man's dignity. In his historical studies he has made it clear that there existed, even before the conquest, a distinction between a man born in Canada and a man born in France. In the critical days of the colony a Canadian governor ranked second in authority to a French commander. Standing at this centre of consciousness M. Frégault speaks of "falling into an inferiority where one's own destiny is fatally compromised." Here he conceives the idea of absolute "stakes" in a fateful game: "liberty or servitude," "life or death." Here, also, he creates two new values: grandeur and vitality. Strangely enough, they have an ironic ring. "While the British world adds to its European territorial base an immense field of accomplishment in America, the French world, with its American wing lopped off, is confined within European limits too narrow to permit her henceforth to deploy her forces in a really grand movement of power." It is the grandeur of a person who is cramped by the presence of a powerful enemy. A man in this situation "penetrates" into the "motives and methods" of his enemy, sees with "terrible distinctness . . . the possibility of one nation annihilating another." "Each realizes that he cannot guarantee his normal development except upon the ruins of the other." "It was a question of eliminating Canada," says this historian. "The great carnivorous monster had no choice; he must devour. . . . The conqueror could not rest till he had thoroughly exploited the advantages which the fortunes of war put into his hands."

That is how Frégault comes to distinguish between "conquest" and "defeat"; how he comes to appreciate the "extreme gravity" of the change which occurred in the ten years between 1754 and 1764. "In 1754 there was a Canada. In 1759 there was a Canada, reduced, wounded, still retaining nevertheless her cohesion and inner dynamism. In 1764 Canadians had survived, but without a Canada." They were remnants, as it were, of a beaten and disorganized army. "The ardour and duration of the struggle indicate how well Canada was constituted with a view to living; how fully she recognized the necessity of resisting the forces leagued against her with intent to break her to pieces. She did not allow herself to be conquered; she got crushed by superior numbers. . . . Canada resisted conquest with the same energy that a living organism exerts in resisting death." With M. Frégault and his school historical event and literary art fuse together. History is tragedy. The conquest is a spring of tragic value: tragic grandeur and tragic vitality.

"The war of the conquest" is not an expression like "The Seven Years' War." It is more than "The Canadian War." The expression is "new" in the sense that it signifies a protracted agony during which a living thing is crushed and its organic structure destroyed forever.

Looking at the conquest from this same vantage point M. Marcel Trudel has lately watched the Canadian church "entering into servitude" and, oddly enough, described Canadian values which are anything but heroic. He describes the disintegration of the Chapter of the diocese of Quebec. It had already begun to fall apart before the conquest. The canons no longer lived as a community; they lived in different parts of the country. There were eleven of them, eight of whom were Canadians. After the capitulation four sought refuge in France. Two of these four were Canadians. Mgr Briand, president of the Chapter, qualified their departure as "desertion." M. Trudel stresses the point: "In leaving the country at that critical hour, the two Canadian canons acted exactly like deserters ("La Conquête fait disparaître le chapitre," in *La Revue de l'Université Laval*, X (8), avril 1956, 683–706). At one moment it was thought that the Chapter might play an important role as an electoral college but Rome claimed the right to elect bishops. The canons no longer led a contemplative life; they had lost their sources of revenue and in time ceased to exist. "Another institution of the French régime disappeared," says M. Trudel, wistfully. "But this loss had nothing dramatic about it since the Chapter was no longer essential to the life of the Canadian church."

One of our older historians, M. Gustave Lanctot, has consecrated his leisure to pursuing falsifiers, destroying legends, and meting out "retributive justice." In an article appearing in the March issue of *La Revue de l'Université Laval* (vol. X (7), 591–9) he attacks the legend of Quebec's isolation from France during the years 1759–1855. The French frigate, *La Capricieuse*, which anchored before Quebec in 1855, was the first French warship to plough Canadian waters since the conquest and the sight of the French flag cheered French-Canadian hearts and awakened a latent pride and deep sense of attachment to the ancient motherland. The object of the visit was to conclude a commercial agreement but, says M. Lanctot, "later generations, by thoughtlessly overlooking the realities of the period, interpreted the event as meaning a resumption, after a rupture, of relations between France and Canada." He then shows how the legend of isolation grew. "As time passed, by the simple game of repetition, this deformation of the event took on the character of an historical truism. It became ac-

climatized in the minds of the people all the more easily as it seemed to agree with the twofold legend of the abandonment of Canada by France and the intellectual isolation of the country after 1760, a legend which was supported by the delightful but fanciful story of the grammar book in the school at Three Rivers." There was but one copy of the book, so the story went, and the teacher was the only person who was permitted to turn the pages.

The assertions of Canadian historians that, following the conquest, all relations with France were severed do not agree with historical fact. M. Lanctot displays many pieces of information to prove his point that there never was a rupture of relations, that Canada suffered neither physical nor mental isolation, that travellers and letters came and went between the two countries. Indeed, he says, "all these relations and contacts with France exercised a constant influence on the thought and behaviour of Canadians." Especially in the social and political fields was the influence of French thought effective.

> Impregnated with Voltaire's critical spirit and Rousseau's theories and subscribing to the "Rights of Man" the Canadian bourgeoisie, in conflict with the idea of authority based on divine law, welcomed, as though it were a bolt of lightning from Mount Sinai, the Catholic liberalism of Lamennais. From 1828 on his doctrine provoked fits of enthusiasm as it traversed literary, political, and even religious spheres so that, despite official condemnations, Quebec has remained faithful to "Féli" and the eight editions of his *Paroles d'un croyant* have set a record in Canada. That is the most striking proof of the intimate attachment which has never ceased to exist between Canadian intellectuals and French thought.

M. Roland J. Auger's *La Grande Recrue de 1653* (Montréal, Société généalogique canadienne-française, viii, 207 pp., $3.00) contains 150 or more biographies of men who were recruited by M. de Maisonneuve and M. de la Dauversière and sent out to Montreal in 1653 to repel the Iroquois and solidly establish the colony of Villemarie. These heroes were the ancestors of the French-Canadian race.

M. Robert Rumilly has added three more volumes to his stupendous *Histoire de la Province de Québec* (Fides, 320, 340, 242 pp., $2.00 each) bringing the number to twenty-nine. He covers the period 1923–7. It is a question of rivalry between political leaders like Gouin and Lapointe, wrangling between public and ecclesiastical authorities and between cities like Montreal and Toronto, disputes between tradition and progress, agriculture and industry. M. Rumilly's work will remain a source of information on matters concerning education, industrial development, even the intellectual life of the province.

V

Father Emile Legault, known as the director of a company of players called Les Compagnons de Saint-Laurent, is first and always a churchman. His *Confidences* (Fides, 189 pp., $2.00) is an account of his progress from the traditional atmosphere of the classical college, where he spent several years training players, into the climate of the working-class struggle; his coming to grips with the real, the concrete, the "terrible immediate," the problem of housing, feeding, and clothing a family. It necessitated "a complete revision of your sense of values." M. Legault understood this as the "necessity of annexing these realities to the gospel." In these "confidences" we get a vision of social nationalism from the inside, through the eyes of a chaplain. The "Compagnons" group was born of a suggestion. "It's good religious theatre," Roger Varin remarked after playing in a religious "game," "why not a permanent company?" It was an illumination. M. Legault put away the old stuff he had been working with and adopted Henri Ghéon, the religious dramatist, "a man of irresistible charm" for whom he feels a special affinity. From Ghéon he learned the essentials of good theatre: "poetry, style, rhythm, plastic value, stylization and the value of sign." Ironically, Ghéon represents a departure from reality. "The theatre has nothing to do with realism," he is quoted as saying. "If you enclose the actor's imagination within the horizon of material things you strangle it. It is an act of sabotage."

As a theatre man M. Legault was an exacting leader, explosive, violent. He believed in team spirit before personality. He demanded loyalty, humility, service. "An actor is a servant, supple, precise, manageable, of a dramatic text. He must abdicate his personality, his soul." He calls one of his players a "saviour of situations," a man he could count on in an emergency. He looked on his group as a family of actors with one name only: companions. This principle of "anonymity," as he calls it, caused trouble in the ranks and eventually led to his break with the company. The companions, in his view, were "living stones" with which he built "a little spiritual cathedral." After relinquishing the principle of anonymity the companions ceased to be a group of players after his own heart. Now they could read their names on posters and the acting could revolve around a star performer. After a short retreat M. Legault began a new dramatic enterprise with a company he called Les Jongleurs de la Montagne. It was a group of amateurs "working under the sumptuous shadow of St. Joseph Oratory."

For the jubilee celebration of the Oratory the "jongleurs" performed a new piece, *Le Grand attentif* (Fides, 65 pp., $1.00), written by the

director. Described as a "scenic game to the glory of St. Joseph," it is a series of tableaux, with St. Peter, a projection of the director, providing the recitative. M. Legault's mind bubbles with lively ideas. Cast in the form of a mediaeval mystery, his piece is an application of the official social doctrine. It teaches the sovereignty of the father and the duty of obedience to God.

Two sketches by Eloi de Grandmont, *La Fontaine de Paris et Le Temps des fêtes* (Montréal, Edns de Malte, 85 pp., $1.50), direct a tragi-comic light on mediaeval mysteries. In *La Fontaine de Paris* a coquette is mated to a stupid woodcarver whom she deceives by means of the very wine a Prince brings when he comes to court her. The farce is enlivened with a jolly folk-song and mystery is supplied by water from a fountain that cures toothache and a basket that can be made to sing. *Le Temps des fêtes* is a tragic comment on the cult of the family. It is Christmas. The daughter of the house looks at the infant Jesus in his manger and weeps to think that she is unmarried and unattractive. Tragedy is suggested by the mother's reference to a Christian way of celebrating Christmas as her son, home for the holiday, asks for wine. After drinking the health of the family he goes off to celebrate in town. Returning drunk he finds a note written by his sister. It said: "Six years ago I killed papa. He had been drinking. He was angry and attacked mama. Tonight mama has agreed to die with me. You'll find us hanging in the barn."

VI

Besides being a biography of a great educator, M. Marc A. Perron's doctoral thesis entitled *Un Grand Educateur agricole, Edouard A. Barnard, 1835–1898* (n.p., 1955, xxxi, 355 pp.) is an historical study of the progress of agricultural science from 1760 to 1900. At heart Barnard was a farmer; but he had a scientist's mind and in the science of farming he educated the whole province. He raised Ayrshires and Jerseys and helped the dairy industry by introducing separators. He travelled in Europe, studying the sugar beet industry. He went to the United States to study the question of silos. Up to 1879 silos were built of stone, and for that reason none existed in Quebec. Barnard had silos constructed of wood and they proved successful beyond his expectations. He founded a *Journal d'Agriculture*, wrote a *Manuel d'Agriculture* and became director of agriculture. His great ambition was to have experimental farms on which to construct agricultural colleges. The farms would study agricultural problems and bring the results to the attention of the readers of his *Journal*.

M. Robert Sylvain's *La Vie et l'œuvre de Henry de Courcy, 1820–1861* (Presses Universitaires Laval, 348 pp., $2.75), a model of meticulous research, also sees a man as a function of his age. Courcy was a Breton gentleman who from 1845 to 1856 resided in New York as agent of a Paris firm of looking-glass manufacturers. But M. Sylvain has little to say of Courcy the business man. For him Courcy exists as the American agent of Louis Veuillot who, through his correspondents, kept his finger on the pulse of Roman Catholicism in Europe and America. In France it was the heyday of Catholic liberalism, the flush which preceded the eclipse of Lamennais. In England all eyes were focused on the Oxford movement, all hearts disturbed by the conversion of great scholars like Newman. There was a "cult of America," the land where men of all races were allowed freedom of conscience. Courcy's duties as a reporter to Veuillot's *Univers* brought him into contact with Canadian scholars, especially the well-known "verifier of dates," Jacques Viger, and the Abbé Ferland, whose satirical art Courcy compares to La Bruyère's. It was with information supplied by these two Canadians that Courcy drew up his denunciations of the Abbé Brasseur, a French historian who had attacked the Canadian bishops, and the Reverend Eléazar Williams, an Indian of Caughnawaga who pretended he was the son of Louis XVI. For a time it looked as if Catholicism flourished best in countries where the religious conscience was free. But this impression soon vanished. When the Protestants in Rome were denied the freedom which Catholics enjoyed in the United States there was a revulsion of feeling in America. In an effort to restore friendly relations Pope Pius IX sent a block of marble to be used in a monument to George Washington. The infuriated populace hurled it into the Potomac. In 1854 an effigy of the papal nuncio, Mgr Bedini, was burned in Boston. All this led to a single conclusion. From the Vatican came a condemnation of "Americanism." "All down the century," writes M. Sylvain, summing up the American adventure, "we can trace a spirit of unyielding opposition to this alliance of religion and liberty which flourished beyond the Atlantic."

In an article entitled "The Catholic Church and Modern Civilization" appearing in the June issue of *Culture* the author, C. J. Eustace, sees Western peoples, their spiritual and intellectual vitality sapped by liberalism, facing the challenge of the Soviet Empire, "controlled by dogma and theory" and taking to itself "every external mark and claim that distinguishes the Catholic Church and from which this Church derives its strength and external unity."

Liberty of conscience is again a question in Father Jean D. Brosseau's

Psychologie religieuse (Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 147 pp., $1.50), a collection of short studies of Luther, Newman, Edith Stein, Calvin, Lamennais, and Lord Halifax. Father Brosseau's "conclusion" is the same in all the cases he studies: there is one church and one only. Luther's principle of justification by faith contradicts the teaching of this church and "one does not depart from the church without risk of deceiving oneself. . . . It was to the church that Christ promised perfection and not to individuals." Luther was "an apostate and a heretic." The reformers gave to the scriptures the authority they took from the church. Calvin "did not understand that unity is an essential thing in the church of Christ." Lamennais is the figure of the church's aversion to liberalism. By the church's standard he was a rebel, an inflexible, hard-headed Breton who, perhaps, repented at long last, when he faced eternity. Edith Stein is a philosopher who "left the synagogue and entered the church of Christ." The universal church cannot err, said St. Augustine, and this principle led Newman to abandon the theology of the *Via Media.* To Lord Halifax, the Anglo-Catholic, the church of Rome says: "You have left your father's home. Come back and he will tenderly welcome you to the fold."

VII

Religious psychology and religious sociology are new disciplines in this country; they are just beginning to appear in our universities. This point is stressed by the authors of *Quelques Matériaux de sociologie religieuse canadienne* (Edns du Lévrier, 156 pp., $1.50), Louis Edmond and Colette L. Hamelin. The pioneers in this field are the Frenchmen Gabriel Le Bras, Pierre Deffontaines, Canon Boulard, the Dutchman C. H. L. Zeegers, and the Belgian Canon Leclerq. While following these masters, especially regarding method, Canadian scholars have gone to school in Chicago. One of the first Canadian sociologists to study the role of the church in society was Jean-Charles Falardeau. In "Sociologie de la paroisse," a paper he presented at the 1953 session of the Semaines Sociales du Canada, he showed us how to do sociological research in the religious field: "how to see," "how to know" a parish. Others are Maurice Tremblay, Father W. Gariépy, the two Hamelins, Guy Rocher, the Abbé Norbet Lacoste, and the pair of abbés, Gérard Dion and Louis O'Neil, who shocked the public conscience last summer with their exposure of political corruption in the province. Their report—first published in the church paper *Ad Usum Sacerdotum* then in *Le Devoir* of August 7—was based on observations made during the June elections. "Never," they wrote, "was there such

a clear manifestation of the religious crisis which exists here. Never did we have such patent proof of the work of dechristianization which is going on among the masses of our people." They went on to say that "lying has been raised to a fine art," to denounce the "fraudulent methods" employed at elections, venality and violence and the mentally degrading use of myths such as the Jewish problem, autonomy, and communism. In all this the church was not entirely blameless. "There is reason to believe that laymen are not the only persons who are influenced by gifts in money or in kind."

Of the "materials" gathered by the Hamelins one of the most valuable is the bibliography, which contains 268 items. The list of "subjects for study" will greatly assist research students in the colleges. The authors also include a sample of "religious morphology": a survey of the diocese of Three Rivers from the point of view of the relation between the Church and the people. What these scholars are looking for is the influence of new social and economic conditions on religion. They feel that in the field of religious sociology everything is new in Quebec: "new times," "new social structures," "a new people." It is obvious that in Quebec, where a while ago the Church occupied a comfortable position, religious problems have arisen. Nowhere, perhaps, is this fact more dramatically demonstrated than in the fictions of writers like Lemelin and Langevin. Sociologists hope that their new science will soon be able not only to "define the meaning of the evolution of religious feeling but also to explain the mentality, the behaviour and the attitudes of the citizens of Canada." But they are not there yet. They are convinced that the Church needs to readapt itself to a new social order, but when they reflect on the historical significance of today's uneasiness they face a dilemma. "In the French Catholic *hinterland* we cannot yet say whether the present uneasiness regarding structure, spirituality, the place of laymen in the religious community, the relative adaptation of the leading church to social conditions, represents the beginning of a massive dechristianization which will mark the end of a happy world or merely the worst hours of a period of transition between our late-nineteenth-century comfortable Catholicism and a new Middle Ages which will characterize the end of the twentieth."

No doubt it was to vitalize the souls of social thinkers that two reverend gentlemen compiled what is surely the most remarkable anthology of its kind to come off the printing presses in this country, *Nourritures spirituelles* (2 vols., Fides, 465, 422 pp.), which offers us a huge supply of spiritual nourishment in the form of daily talks or meditations throughout the liturgical year. The success of Fathers

Léandre Fréchet and Guy Bertrand should encourage them to compile a similar work in the domain of literary history. These 800 pages of text, chosen from the writings of some 200 theologians and preachers, present a pageant of religious thought stretching from the days of New France to the present time, although, with the exception of selections from the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation, the Jesuit Fathers, and charges of late-nineteenth-century bishops, most of the pieces are drawn from writings of the last fifty years, many as late as the 1940's and 50's. Here is a complete body of doctrine and it would have been a good thing if a scholar like Father Brosseau, instead of dwelling on well-known historical figures, had chosen to taste this sumptuous fare and given up an interpretation of French-Canadian spirituality. There are sermons on the Holy Trinity, devotion to Mary, Providence, sin, the sacraments, death, and the resurrection. We meet "a pure faith which speaks of infinite things." We penetrate into "the inner life" of the Christian; we witness the elevation of his soul, "intoxicated with the balm of quietude, one with the spirit of God." We hear, too, Father G. H. Lévesque sounding a new note, not so deep perhaps, as though he were preparing his church to meet the demands of today's world. With St. Paul's ideas of fraternity and mystic body in his mind this Dominican scholar defines the social sense of the Christian religion as "integration into the divine family of brothers of Jesus Christ."

VIII

Another new science, anthropology, is making notable progress. M. Marcel Rioux of the National Museum at Ottawa, assisted by a sociologist, a folklorist, a linguist, and a psychologist, recently made a study of the "culture" of a community living on a small island in the St. Lawrence between Rivière du Loup and Trois Pistoles. He hopes it will lead to a study of more complex urbanized sectors and eventually produce a picture of Quebec as a cultural entity. His report, entitled *Description de la culture de l'Ile Verte* (Ottawa, Musée National, viii, 98 pp., $1.00), contains factual information on such topics as work, food, clothing, homes, family life, language, leisure, sickness, and religion. Appendices to the report contain a glossary of words not found in French-Canadian dictionaries, descriptions of some thirty-odd parlour games, specimen folk-tales, and a list of folk-songs. There are some forty families on the island. Over the last fifty years the population has varied very little and has never exceeded 400. A few years ago a grass-like marine herb called sea-grass which, when dried, was used for making mattresses and cushions, was a principal source of revenue. Since

disease killed it the chief crops are now potatoes and hay. The people live on potatoes and fish. Herring and sardine are sold fresh or salted. Isolation fosters a community spirit and attachment to the island; but those young people who cannot inherit the parental homestead and know they must leave the island are inclined to call it a forsaken spot and to idealize life in the cities ashore.

M. Rioux speaks of the "archaic character of this community of fisher folk, its insularity and structural simplicity." It is hardly more than a family organization. Within their horizon the people see little else than fish, land, and neighbours. They have no political sense. At election time they are happy to receive gifts of money from party organizers but they show little interest in belonging to any larger group, Canada or even French Canada. They have no sports; they play indoor games; they sing and rock and talk. The spectacle tempts M. Rioux to write a dissertation on the rocking-chair, its origin and its function in French-Canadian society. Families are large and a woman is judged by her capacity as a housewife and reproducer of the race. There are schools on the island, but the culture is learned through contact with nature, by imitation. Living, as many of the islanders do, undivided, three or four generations under the same roof, they talk of the most intimate matters without shyness or false modesty. Their conception of love is anything but romantic. The main topics of conversation are tittle-tattle, sex, and law-suits. Knowing that nature is inexorable they have acquired a fatalism which inclines them to accept joys and griefs with equal serenity. Unlike city-dwellers they have no faith in doctors. They have remedies for all the simple ailments and if it is a case of sickness unto death they appeal to the priest. While teaching them resignation, religion is the principle that binds them together; without it the chances are that the island community would disintegrate.

IX

François Hertel has paid a visit to France's colonies in Africa and set down his impressions in a short prose piece, *Afrique* (Paris, Nouvelles Edns de l'Ermite, 61 pp., $4.00), and in a poem, "Afrique noire." He touched at several ports—Dakar, Conakry, Sassandra, Abidjan, Takoradi, Lagos—and stayed for a while in Cameroons. If he saw something of life in Cameroons he only saw British colonial ports from the deck of his ship. His statements are contradictory; his judgment is unbalanced. At one moment he says that the French and the Africans know each other; at another he notes "the lack of a climate of mutual understanding." He is impressed by the "grandeur" of France's colonial effort, and the wide gap between French colonialism and British

colonialism. "On the one hand a paternalism, accompanied at times by explosions of bad temper, and rough play; on the other, a distant, disdainful colonialism always ready for implacable repression."

Visages d'André Malraux (Edns de l'Hexagone, 39 pp.) is the title of a talk delivered by M. André Patry at Laval University. By now the meaning of this great French author's life is almost a matter of common knowledge. In China, Spain, France, Malraux mixed with men in "their struggle against fate" and witnessed "man's victories over fate." In another study, *Le Pétrole et le Moyen-Orient arabe* (Presses Universitaires Laval, 55 pp.), M. Patry looks at the various Arab countries and asks what oil has done for them. Only a small fraction of the Arab population of the Middle East has profited by the development of the oil industry. The inhabitants of this region are in general poor, sick, and illiterate. Nationalists, trained for the most part in the schools of Europe and America, hold foreign companies responsible for these conditions and ferment an atmosphere of insecurity. Great advantages might be reaped from spiritual contact with the Middle East, says M. Patry, and cites Lebanon as proof. "Lebanon, while remaining one of the largest centres of Arab culture, has for centuries kept Western thought alive on her soil."

Father Adrien M. Malo's *L'Epopée inachevée de nos lieux saints* (Montréal, Edns Franciscaines, xii, 368 pp.) belongs to the field of history, perhaps, but in a special way. Holy places are places associated with Christ's passion and death: Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre; or places where miracles happened. The term includes monuments which consecrate these places, make them places of worship. They belong to the Catholic Church by rights acquired in the days of Constantine and the Crusades. M. Malo describes these holy places with the aid of photographs, but in order to bring home to his readers the necessity of retaining them and preserving them he writes brief histories of Palestine, Arab infiltration, and the Crusades.

Father Maurice H. Beaulieu's *Le Scoutisme dans l'Evangile* (Montréal, Edns Bellarmin, 127 pp.) brings up the question of scout practice in the service of Catholic pedagogy. The understanding is that by route marches, sitting round camp fires, and playing games in the open air to represent episodes in the life of Christ, the Word is made flesh and dwells among us. In the belief that this practice can "bathe the Biblical texts in a twentieth-century atmosphere," Father Ambroise Lafortune organized a team of boys and girls to act the texts and wrote a book, *Le Verbe s'est fait chair* (Fides, 167 pp.), to show us how they are recreated as spectacles in many places in the world. He is most convincing when he describes the dance at the inn during the Christmas

festivities among the Indians of Mexico and his "meeting with the soul of the Canadian people" in the St. John's day celebrations.

At the Semaine Sociale du Canada, held at St. Jerome, the topic for discussion was "Doctrine sociale de l'Eglise dans l'Education." The talks centred on the social education of students and adults, business men, employers, and workers. *La Semaine Sainte* (Fides, 123 pp.), by Father André Legault and Father Gaston Fontaine, is a study of the new rites of Holy Week established by papal decree in 1955. *Rencontres avec Dieu* (Fides, 112 pp.) is a collection of sermons delivered by Canon Lionel Groulx. *Billets du soir* (Edns de l'Atelier, 224 pp., $1.50) is a book of personal reminiscences by an editor of *Le Devoir*, M. Edouard Biron. *Adam et Eve dans le monde d'aujourd'hui* (Fides, 191 pp., $2.00) contains delightfully humorous sketches of family life in our time by Father Marcel Marie Desmarais. M. Damase Potvin's *Un Héros de l'air* (Québec, 62 pp., $1.50) is a short account of the career of Roméo Vachon, 1898–1954. Vachon was a pilot and mechanic whose skill and knowledge were appreciated by aircraft manufacturers. He served in the wars and in the Commonwealth Training Plan and became operating manager of Canadian Airways. He is particularly remembered by his countrymen as the man who established air-mail stations along the north shore.

Since the conquest differences have continued to appear between Canadian French and Metropolitan French so that today Canadian speech is recognized by its archaisms, neologisms, and anglicisms. Samples of all these are presented and correct forms given in Professor René de Chantal's *Chroniques de Français* (Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, xvi, 272 pp.), a veritable feast for students of French. As in certain other fields, French Canada is facing a dilemma in the matter of language. M. de Chantal has a solution. "We should increase contacts between Canadians and French people. Our provincial language would continue to evolve along its own course while international French would remain our cultural language."

M. Séraphin Marion's latest volume, *Beaux Textes des lettres françaises et canadiennes-françaises* (Ottawa, 293 pp., $2.90), is a collection of pieces drawn from French and French-Canadian sources. It covers all the ground from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century and will be useful in survey courses in the colleges. But it has two serious shortcomings. Of the 280 pages of text M. Marion has devoted only 23 to the literature of his own country and has refused to allow any living author to appear in the picture.

The *Rapport de l'Archiviste de la Province de Québec* (Québec, vi, 569 pp.) for the years 1953–4 and 1954–5 contains a study of certain

lands on the Ile d'Orléans, documents relating to the establishment of Anglican churches in the province of Quebec, and the second instalment of Father Archange Godbout's "Dictionnaire généalogique et bio-bibliographique des familles canadiennes." The largest section of the report—250 pages—is made up of letters written by L. J. Papineau to his wife during the years 1820–62.

PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES *Watson Kirkconnell*

Two senior members of the Icelandic community have brought out substantial volumes of poetry. Mrs. Jakobina Johnson, who spent her girlhood in the Argyle district of southern Manitoba, has printed in Reykjavik a collected edition of her verse, comprising two earlier volumes, *Candlelight* (1939) and *I Saw a Swan* (1942) and seventeen miscellaneous poems, mostly of more recent vintage. Those of deepest feeling are "Maria" (in memory of a daughter, who died in 1942) and "Gentle, bright morning" (dedicated to her son Stephan, who died in 1945). The volume has an excellent introductory essay by Fridrik A. Fridriksson, of Husavik, and will be the definitive edition of Mrs. Johnson's work. In this same year, Gísli Jónsson of Winnipeg has celebrated his eightieth birthday by publishing one hundred of his poems—all that he considers worth preserving of his output since his one earlier volume, *Birds of Passage*, in 1919. *Moving-days* is divided into four major divisions: (*a*) "Miscellaneous poems," containing some of his most important work; (*b*) "Songs," being Icelandic singing versions of originals in English, Norwegian, Swedish, and German; (*c*) "Greetings and toasts," for birthdays, funerals, golden weddings, and other public occasions; and (*d*) "Shouted into the wind," being especially brief epigrams, of which one specimen will suffice:

No Service As Usual

Everything is oddly quiet.
Empty churches know no riot.
Music's mute—there's none to try it.
Mark the preacher's lonely fiat!

Mr. Jónsson is also editor of the scholarly *Annual* of the Icelandic National League in North America and contributes to it an imposing tribute to the late Thorn Thorn Thorsteinsson. Mention should also be made of two outstanding poems, "The Sod Farmhouse" ("Torfbaerinn") by Guttormur J. Guttormsson (pp. 42–43) and "The Old Shoes" ("Gömlu skórnir") by Páll S. Pálsson (pp. 49–51). The place of honour in the 1956 issue goes to a lengthy sketch of Halldór Kiljan Laxness, the Icelandic winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, written by Dr.

Stefán Einarsson, of Johns Hopkins University. There are some new letters between Stephan G. Stephansson and Johann Magnus Bjarnason, major figures in the pioneer generation, edited by Professor Finnbogi Gudmundsson (pp. 77–92). One notes wistfully the obituary articles on such recently deceased members of the Icelandic-Canadian community as Skuli Johnson and Jón J. Bildfell, followed up (pp. 115–126) by the names of hundreds of humbler members of the community who have died. The sense of membership in a notable cultural group is very strong.

Several articles by Professor Richard Beck add to the record of Icelandic scholarship for the year. The most important of these is "Poem-Subjects of North American Icelandic Poets," in which he analyses at great length the major themes of such men as Stephan G. Stephansson, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, and Einar P. Jónsson. He gives Stephansson an even fuller treatment in the *American-Scandinavian Review* and echoes the old poet again in some travel-sketches from Iceland.

The only German book that has emerged for the year is Heinrich Sawatzky's *Templars of Mennonite Stock*. This historical work craves a word of prefatory explanation. In the hiving-off process undergone by the Mennonites in Russia in the early 1860's, one of the separating groups was known as "the Friends of Jerusalem or Templars" ("Jerusalemsfreunde oder Templer"), who moved out in 1863 and settled in three small colonies—one in the Caucasus, one in the Kuban, and one in the Crimean peninsula. Since some families at various times migrated to Palestine, we may later distinguish between two groups of Mennonite "Templers," one in Palestine and one in Russia. Those in Russia were wiped out in World War II by the Communists. Those in Palestine were driven out in 1946–8 by the Israeli invaders, along with a million other victims of Zionist violence. A few sought refuge in Germany but most of the surviving remnant have settled in Australia. The author of this present history is ninety-six years old and belongs to the group that was settled in Palestine until the Israelis usurped the land. He has therefore shared in the entire experience of the community. This is a valuable addition to the historical records of the Mennonites.

The offspring alike of the New Canadian community and of a university branch of the humanities scarcely twelve years old in Canada is *Canadian Slavonic Papers, I*, printed by the University of Toronto Press for the Canadian Association of Slavists. Here are some nine scholarly research papers by Canadian Slavists and an extended review of a book by a tenth, contributed by a professor at Columbia University. In point of style, W. J. Rose leads all the rest with his paper on "The Mickiewicz

Centenary." Leonid Strakhovsky's study of Pushkin's relations to Alexander I and Nicholas I is penetrating and convincing. Jaroslav Rudnyckyj's brief sketch of toponymic neologisms is most interesting, although, in the light of Tolstoy's country home, one wonders if the name *Yasna Polyana* (Alberta) is really "newly created on Canadian soil." The tribute of P. Dembowski to the remarkable Polish poet, Julian Tuwim (1894–1953), is timely and well deserved. Tuwim's translations from Russian were unusually gifted but his original verse often showed astonishing originality and power. The Doukhobor documents (from Professor Mavor's files) that open the volume make one grieve for the obtuse vindictiveness of Ottawa officials fifty years ago. The papers by C. H. Bedford, V. Revutsky, J. O. St. Clair-Sobell, and Constantine Bida also merit praise. The book is a happy omen for the future of Slavic studies in Canada.

The year 1956 brought the centenary of Ivan Franko (1856–1916), second only to Shevchenko among all Ukrainian writers of significance, and it was inevitable that the Communists, in Canada as in the U.S.S.R., should attempt to claim him as a Bolshevik before his time—like Robert Burns and William Lyon Mackenzie! A substantial volume of translations by John Weir-Wevursky was thus issued in Toronto by Ukrainska Knyha, and portrayed a striking but highly tendentious Franko. No writer except perhaps Lope de Vega ever published so many works as Franko throughout a tireless lifetime; his views steadily mellowed through the years; he was not a Communist but an ardent nationalist and a bitter enemy of the Russian oppressor; yet Mr. Weir by choosing his passages for translation from a brief period of Franko's youth gives the impression that he was a fiery revolutionary, hostile to religion but full of affection for the Muscovite Big Brother. There is significantly no quotation from Franko's greatest work, *Moses* (1905), in which his adult philosophy of nation and society was clearly set forth.

A good example of Mr. Weir's slanted commentary may be found on page 232, where he explains blandly that in 1946 "the Greek Catholic clergy of Galicia returned to the Orthodox faith." It is implied that this was a glad reunion of spiritual brothers, made possible at last by the removal of Western tyranny. One would not realize from the suave Communist formula that Moscow's forcible liquidation of the Greek Catholic Church in Galicia had involved the imprisonment of the entire hierarchy and the execution or imprisonment of five hundred priests. Neither does he mention the forcible dissolution of the whole Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church in 1930 or the Soviet extermination of 90 per cent of the Russian Orthodox clergy between 1917 and 1937, leaving only a pliable remnant as a tool of Communist policy.

Over against the Communist propaganda volume may be set a scholarly brochure, *The Great Stone-Quarrier*, by the Ukrainian scholar Dr. Vol. Doroshenko. Fortified by a bibliography of thirty of his own books and research papers in the field of Franko study, Dr. Doroshenko gives a closely documented essay on the Ukrainian writer. His three main chapters are "Franko, the Poet of Ukrainian Independence," "Franko, the Foe of Communism," and "Franko on Behalf of the Faith and the Church." He quotes Franko as declaring in 1904 that a victory of Communism would be "the triumph of a new bureaucracy over the commonwealth in all its material and spiritual life."

The erudite Metropolitan Ilarion, of Winnipeg, author of some forty solid volumes in the past decade, continues to turn out a flood of works on religious subjects. No fewer than five books, totalling over eight hundred pages, fall within the present survey. Only one of these is historical in its strictest sense, and deals with a fateful decade (1647–57) in the annals of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church, when, like the régime of the Hetman, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, it stood poised precariously between the Roman Catholic aggressors of Poland and the predacious prelates of Moscow. Books on the sign of the cross and on iconoclasm are partially historical, but are more interested in ritual morphology than in ecclesiastical politics. Still another book deals with public worship and traces the contributions of some sixteen Fathers of the Church, from Clement, Origen, and Athanasius down to Gregorius Palamas (1296–1359). Most significant to Canadian readers, however, is his *Book of our Situation in a Foreign Land*. As a comparative newcomer in Canada, he thinks of this country as still alien territory and exhorts his Orthodox readers to honour everything Ukrainian: "Let us honour our history!" he exclaims. "Let us preserve our Ukrainian language! Let us preserve our Ukrainian tradition! The first duty of the family is to rear up its children in the [Ukrainian] national style!" He seems haunted with a terror of cultural and denominational assimilation in the Canadian community.

Other religious volumes are Professor P. Kovaliv's devout theological treatise, *The Recognition of God*, and a militant symposium, *In Defence of Faith*, contributed by the Ukrainian Orthodox Brotherhood of St. Vladimir Cathedral, Toronto, to the ongoing warfare between the Orthodox and Catholic Ukrainian groups in Canada. More significant than either volume is part III of Archbishop Michael's almost interminable *Epic of the World*. Into this composite work, which now totals over sixteen thousand lines of verse, the good archbishop has poured his thoughts on hell, earth and heaven, and every phase of the Bible story. His architectonics leave much to be desired but the vast

poem must be more edifying to his archdiocese than a library of sermons.

The Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, in Winnipeg, continues to turn out erudite research monographs. In the Slavistica Series, V. Svoboda has a study of the Oxford Heptaglot Lexicon (seventeenth century) and Dr. J. B. Rudnyc'kyj and D. Sokulsky continue their annual record of *Ukrainica Canadiana*. In the Onomastica Series, Professor Meredith Jones deals with Amerindian place-names and Dr. Rudnyc'kyj with Canadian Slavic folklore. A massive work edited by Dr. Rudnyc'kyj in the Occidentalia Series is *Ukrainian-Canadian Folklore and Dialectological Texts*. In a lighter vein he has given us *From my American Diary*, covering particularly his study of the Ukrainian holdings in the major American libraries.

Equally revealing as to the wealth of scholarly and scientific enthusiasm that the tides of recent migration have brought to our shores are the "transactions" of the Fifth Conference of the Shevchenko Society of Sciences, a European academy of sciences with a post-war chapter centred in Toronto. The latest volume prints the proceedings and the papers (in full or condensed) of some twenty-eight scholars and scientists.

Published as the third in a series of research texts of the Volhynia Research Group is Professor Stepan Kylymnyk's *Calendar Year in Ukrainian Folklore* (Volume I, "Winter cycle"), in which, out of extremely copious bibliographical documentation, he traces the folk customs and folk philosophy underlying such occasions as "Epiphany Eve" (*Holodna Kutya*) and "New Year's Eve feasting" (*Malanky*). Dr. Wolodymyr Bezushko has brought out a study of Mykola Hohol (better known by the Russianized name of Nicholas Gogol) in which he traces the strong claims of both the Russians and the Ukrainians to regard him as one of their literary heroes.

Of a more elementary nature, but excellent in their kind, are a Canadian-Ukrainian fourth-grade reader, *Ridne Slovo*, chosen and annotated from a wide range of prose and verse by the late Professor Leonid Biletsky, and *Let's Sing*, an anthology of one hundred folksongs for group singing. More of a gardener's handbook than a school-text is Fedir Onufrijchuk's *Flowers*, in which some three-score genera of cultivated flowers are given careful scientific description. Mr. Onufrijchuk is a trained geneticist, with a volume on the production of speltoid mutants in spring wheat by X-irradiation, but he here uses his erudition for the benefit of simple garden-lovers.

One new Ukrainian-Canadian poet, Bohdan Mazepa, of Edmonton, greeted 1956 with a first book of authentic lyric poetry. In one of his brief poems, "To a Critic," he feels that life may be brief, bloody, and sacrificial for a modern youth:

You gaze upon my thorny words
And find a lack of modern form;
You seek to rend my pure, young birds,
My eagle-soul that dares the storm.

This first swift year may be its last.
Judge not its notes, untamed and free.
The red of roses may forecast
Blood shed upon some Calvary.

In yet another poem, "Autumn," he records Ukrainian nostalgia for a far-off, ancestral home that will never be seen again:

Rain. Always rain. The streets are foul.
Cracked pavements slither, patched with slime.
Bird-flocks have fled the autumn's scowl,
And wind and mist usurp the time.

This alien city's surly face
Is mournful as the darkened home
Of which, each night, I dream apace—
A hearth where I no more shall come.

Two vivid brochures may represent the strong political views of the Ukrainian-Canadians. One is Ivan Bahriany's *The Price of Khrushchev's Little Bear*, in which he pillories the besotted blindness of the British people when the visiting Soviet slave-master gave a bear cub to Princess Anne and apparently bewitched the British public into forgetting the infinite horror of the fate of his victims. The other pamphlet is O. Pidhaini's *Mr. Khrushchev goes slave-hunting* and deals with the present repatriation campaign conducted by the government and agencies of the U.S.S.R. He recapitulates the story of 1945–7, when millions of hapless refugees, with the connivance of the West and even under the aegis of UNRRA, were shipped back, like slaves under hatches, to death or imprisonment in Soviet territory. Since 1955 a new repatriation plot is probing into every country and every community for victims to drag home. Mr. Pidhaini protests against our Canadian government's refusal to stop these Soviet machinations in our country:

> When, where, and under what circumstances has an enemy state ever had the right to interfere either directly or indirectly in the private life of citizens of another state? How did it come about that the secret police of an enemy country have the doors open to every home? We are referring to the Committee for Repatriation, the committee of provocative action and blackmail having at its disposal a whole system of moral terror to exert against millions of Americans and Canadians.

The evil programme is still in full swing and now has been impudently extended to cover the Hungarian refugees.

Still another aspect of Ukrainian life, both abroad and in Canada, is

found in the three volumes of Mykhailo Sharyk's memoirs, *Children of War*. Mr. Sharyk was born in Denysov, Tarnopol district, in 1901, and was old enough to have a share in the struggles of the catastrophic period, 1917–20, when the Ukraine achieved independence, only to have it crushed under the Bolshevik steamroller. He came to Canada in 1926 and has lived in St. Catharines, Ontario. Most of the three volumes are given over to the almost incredible vicissitudes he survived in eastern Europe. In Canada, he was promptly made aware of the indefatigable conspiracy of the Communists within the foreign-born community. At the very close, his Ukrainian prose rises to a quatrain of versified tribute to Canada:

> Feed us on glory, O Canada, land of the free!
> Rivers and oceans with clamour thy praises assever.
> Hope to the wronged of the nations thy portals shall be.
> Blessings from God be upon thee for ever and ever!

The ongoing life of the Lithuanians in Canada is symbolized in a *Yearbook* published in Toronto. Poetic echoes of Canadian Jewry may be found in the Yiddish of the *Montrealer Heften* and in a slim volume by Vera Black. Mrs. Black has a fine gift of metaphor and phrase:

> The cavern yawns, and into the jaws of fear
> My spirit creeps,
> My voice is echoed in a senseless round
> Of whos and whys, the oft-repeated sound
> Of my own name drags like a heavy cloak
> And settles to the ground.
>
> There you would have me sit and gather tears,
> Sorrow and sighs and sadness without grace,
> Fondling the dust, with aimless fingers trace
> The circled pattern of our numbered years.
>
> As you will have it so I must remain,
> And smug within this fossiled shelter rest,
> But I have known a better peace—the best
> Wherein all power lies—the two-edged sword of pain—
> One to endure, the other to forgive.

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